REVEALED! The Greatest Moment in Extreme Walking History P.48

FEEL SMART AGAIN

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THE GENIUS GUIDE TO SUCCESS

ARE SEA SPONGES THE FUTURE OF TECH? P.11

DON'T TOUCH THAT BABY! PARENTING TIPS FROM 1916 P.26

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VOLUME 14, ISSUE 2
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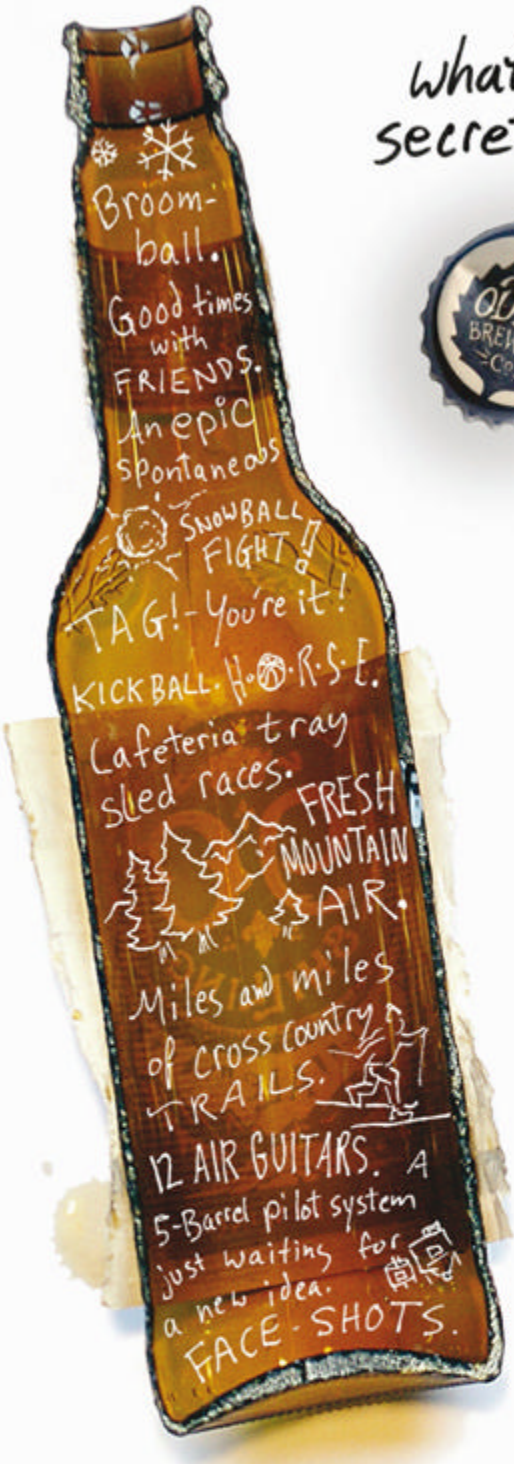

what's our secret ingredient?

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At Odell Brewing, play isn't a distraction from work. It's an important part of everything we do and lets us try new things. That's why we started UnBottled - a movement that celebrates it. Join us by grabbing a few friends and some tasty brews and find your own secret ingredient.

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Kumail Nanjiani photographed by JUCO for *mental_floss*

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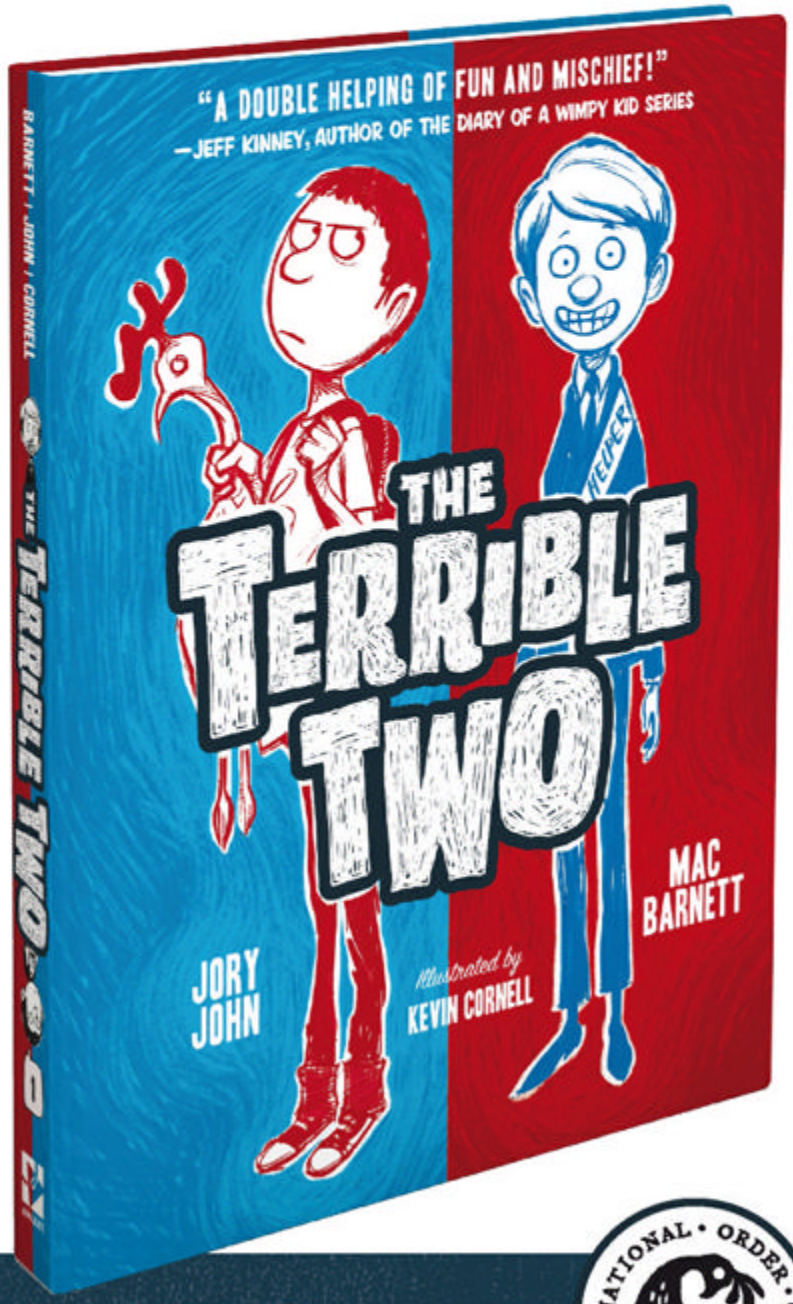
ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON EGGENSCHWILER (BABY). ILLUSTRATION BY TAYLOR GOAD (LINCOLN). PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYAN THOMPSON (PETRIFIED WOOD). "UNTITLED (RADIANT BABY), 1990" © KEITH HARING FOUNDATION USED BY PERMISSION. YOYOJ3D1 (FULGURITE). ALAMY (SIMPSONS). DIEGO DELSO (WALKIE-TALKIE TOWER). CORBIS (JOBS)

YOU'VE BEEN PRANKED BY THE TERRIBLE TWO!

PRANKSTERS TURN THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN!



JOIN THE PRANKING FUN 1.13.15

"A DOUBLE HELPING OF FUN AND MISCHIEF!"
—JEFF KINNEY, AUTHOR OF THE DIARY OF A WIMPY KID SERIES

"THIS BOOK IS TERRIBLE! TERRIBLY FUNNY . . ."
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MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT: BLUE RIBBON IN THE SCIENCE FAIR, 1986

Great(-ish) Expectations

ONE DAY IN HIGH SCHOOL, I heard this bizarre song on the school bus radio. It had these awkward quiet parts and this unsettling, atonal rhythm, and the singer's voice wasn't at all melodic. I was riveted. I wasn't sure if I *liked* it, but I wanted to hear it again, immediately. Eventually, I discovered that it was by Sonic Youth. Before long, their singer Kim Gordon would be officially added, along with Flannery O'Connor and the Dalai Lama, to my ever-evolving list of Major Personal Icons.

Gordon was this chic, successful, effortlessly cool girl, with this weird, successful, effortlessly cool music career—she continues to be that today. Which is why I was surprised to find an interview with her in a book titled *Mistakes I Made at Work,*[1] a series of influential women talking about "getting it wrong." In it, Gordon says she feels like she's forever playing catch up: Even though she's "made it" as a rock star, the fact is, she always intended to be a visual artist.

It startled me, not for the first time, to realize that an icon like Gordon could believe that "success" was out of reach. I'm fascinated by how elusive the feeling seems to be among very accomplished humans. Does anyone ever really feel "successful?"

When we decided to build our list of successful people, we knew we wanted to put the idea of success under a microscope—to see what it's really made of. We wanted to hear from those who've risen to the top in fields we find fascinating and incomprehensible (like particle physics, page 34, and Elvis impersonation, page 46), but also from insurgents—people who are working long, hard hours right now (growing a museum, page 38; infiltrating the comedy world, page 42) slowly turning the thing they love to do into their dream career.

The answer to that question—what is success made of?—is that there is no answer. It looks different for each of us. Up close, it doesn't always look like success: it looks like hard work, help from friends, or pure luck. A lot of the time it feels like failing! It might involve staying in bed till noon, moving in with your parents, or moving to Canada to try to catch a break. Our point is, just as there's no single definition of success, there's no single pathway to it either. And that's where things get interesting.

jessanne

@jessanne

[1] *An excellent collection edited by Jessica Bacal, which I was reading purely recreationally, not being one to make mistakes at work myself. :)*

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WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PRODUCTIVITY TIP?

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FEAR

I LISTEN TO ALL MY PODCASTS ON DOUBLE SPEED

LEAVE THE HOUSE BY 9 A.M., EVEN IF IT'S JUST TO WALK AROUND THE BLOCK

LIMIT CAT VIDEOS TO 9 A DAY

STOP TRYING TO BE PRODUCTIVE AND DANCE!

While researching the 19th-century sport of pedestrianism ("The Amazing Race," page 48), writer **MATTHEW ALGEO** was inspired to sign up for his first long-distance race—the 24-hour Pickled Feet Run in Idaho next year. Taking a tip from his subjects, Algeo will be walking. He just finished a book on Abraham Lincoln's dog, Fido, who was also assassinated (it's true). His fourth book, the aptly titled *Pedestrianism*, is available now.

PRODUCTIVITY TIP: Having the Maury Povich show playing in the background.

Fort Worth–based writer **ELIZABETH LUNDAY** gained a deep appreciation for Keith Haring's poppy art while researching her story on his iconic *Radiant Baby* ("Living Color," page 19). She only wishes she had more radiant heat while writing it: "We had back-to-back cold fronts. I wrote most of this article wrapped in a wool shawl wearing fingerless gloves with a space heater on high."

PRODUCTIVITY TIP: Write everything down. I'm all about outsourcing my brain.

JULIA GALDO AND CODY CLOUD of L.A.–based JUCO Photography managed to maintain their composure while shooting our "100% funny" cover man ("The Cultivation of Kumail Nanjiani," page 30). The duo's work has appeared in publications including *Time*, *New York*, and *Paper*.

PRODUCTIVITY TIP: Make A LOT of lists.

In anticipation of visiting Amish milk farms ("The Milk Man," page 48), **MELISSA GOLDEN** packed a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, leading to a culinary pairing she describes as "transcendent." While she'd like to do more stories on food and agriculture, Golden's newest project is serving as the president of the nonprofit Women Photojournalists of Washington.

PRODUCTIVITY TIP: Two computer screens, maintained to-do lists, and color-coding.

A. MCCOLLUM ALGEO (ALGEO). MARK BENNINGTON (LUNDAY). COURTESY (JUCO, GOLDEN)

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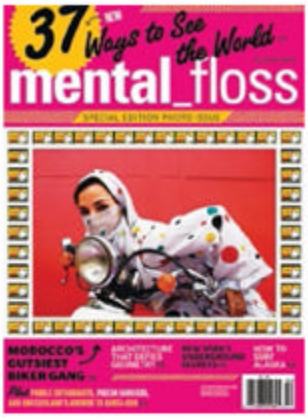
Old-Fashioned Letter of the Month

During the holidays, I was wrapping gifts, decorating, mailing cards—but feeling no Christmas spirit. As I was baking cookies, I realized I was listening to a radio talk on the torture report. No wonder I was feeling down! Then *mental_floss* came, with the Editor's Note titled "A Case for Hope." It was exactly what I needed. You're officially the magazine that saved Christmas. —**MARY JANE RUBINSKI**



WHO COULD HAVE PREDICTED THAT?

My whole family enjoys your magazine so much that I have to hide it until I can read it. Otherwise I might never get the chance. My wife and I advocate full-frontal nerdity, so *mental_floss* fits right in with our nefarious plans. But in your story about Marie Tharp, ["A Crack in the World," December 2014], you refer to Alfred Wegener as a geologist. Actually, he was primarily a meteorologist. I don't doubt this was one big reason his continental drift theories were dismissed, since he was working outside his primary field. It's just one example of a meteorologist working at the edge of his or her field, making a discovery with cross-disciplinary impacts. Another is Edward Lorenz, who published the first paper describing what came to be chaos theory! —**Jay Stockton, NOAA**

THE KING OF CONTINENTS

Elvis sang in Hawaii, and while Hawaii is in the United States, it is not part of North America ["Elvis's 80th Birthday" January/February 2015]. Hawaii is on the Pacific Plate, not the North American Plate. Therefore, Elvis has sung outside of North America, tectonically speaking! —**Ed Adcock**

CHEW ON THIS

Wrigley sold billions of sticks of gum using the slogan "Chewing helps you concentrate" throughout the 1950s and 1960s. It appears *The British Journal of Psychology* was not the first to know that ["Unstick Your Mind," December 2014]. —**Patricia Shue**

WORDS TO LIVE BY

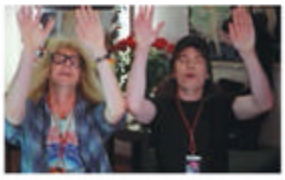
Who needs self-help books when we've got the hobo code of ethics? ["Hobo Lifehacks," January/February 2015] If we all followed that, the world would be a nicer place. —**Joe Riley**

Just got lost in a *mental_floss* tornado.
@kendralynneee

Adding *The Americans* by Robert Frank to my wish list, thanks to *mental_floss*. #famousroad trips
@dorriesiobhan

I loved the Editor's Note in the latest issue!
@CasperPolitics

Send feedback to letters@mentalfloss.com or tweet it @mental_floss. If we print your comment, we'll send you a T-shirt from store.mentalfloss.com.



MENTAL FLAWS

Metal heads everywhere took to their microphones to tell us that Randy Rhoads did not play with Black Sabbath ["Behind the Music," January/February 2015]. Rather, he and Bob Daisley wrote "Crazy Train" for Ozzy Osbourne's debut solo album, *Blizzard of Ozz*. (Rhoads's replacement in Osbourne's band, Jake E. Lee, was erroneously pictured.) On another note, it was impossible for King Charles I to pardon the crown thief Thomas Blood ["How to Steal Crowns," December 2014]. Mainly because Chuck was dead at the time. It was his son, King Charles II.

FROM THE WEB

FEEL SMART AGAIN AT MENTALFLOSS.COM/MAR

- The Time Abraham Lincoln and a Political Rival Almost Dueled on an Island

- 5 Superhero (and Supervillain) Origins
- What's the Higgs Boson and Why Do We Care?
- 21 Fun Facts About Penguins

- The Economics of Death Star Planet Destruction

Was Elvis Actually Any Good at Karate?

Would you mess with this seventh-degree black belt? We didn't think so. ***mentalfloss.com/Elvis***

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HA HA HA

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BECAUSE THEY TYRANNOSAURUS WRECKS.

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ELBOWS IN + TWO HANDS

STEP TWO

CHANGE YOUR PERSPECTIVE

STAND UP HIGH

OR CROUCH DOWN LOW

AN EYE LEVEL PHOTO IS A BORING PHOTO

TELL BORING TO TAKE A HIKE BY ADDING LENSES TO YOUR PHONE ⇨ FISHEYE, WIDE ANGLE, TELEPHOTO

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SCATTER BRAIN

THIS MONTH'S THEME

GLASS

A FRAGILE STATE OF MIND ›
THE WORLD'S COOLEST SKYSCRAPERS ›
HOW TO GET 20/20 X-RAY VISION ›
THE TOUGHEST GLASS IN HISTORY ›

ALAMY

THE INCREDIBLE POWER OF THE GLASS SPONGE

THE FACT THAT GLASS SPONGES could be mistaken for an athletic sock isn't even the weirdest thing about them. These deep-sea-dwelling creatures have no heart or lungs and are estimated to live to be 15,000 years old! Plus, they have an amazing trick up their sleeves: They extract silicic acid from seawater, convert it into silica, and build their skeletons with glass fibers. It's a neat feat, but the coolest thing is how this ancient natural technology is helping shape our future. Scientists are studying one species of glass sponge, the Venus' flower basket, because its glass fibers function like industrial fiber-optic cables—they transmit light, which is how fiber optics carry information—but incredibly, the sponges do it better. They're also stronger and more flexible. If the researchers' hunch is right, glass sponges might be the key to faster and cheaper Internet access.

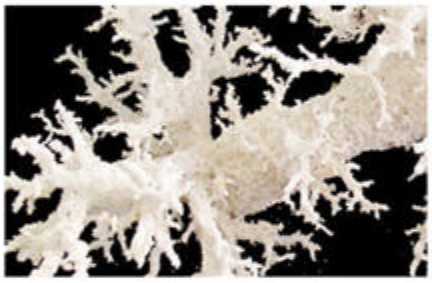
A Real Glass Act

Sure, these beautiful specimens could skate by on their good looks alone. Instead, they're helping scientists unlock the universe's secrets.

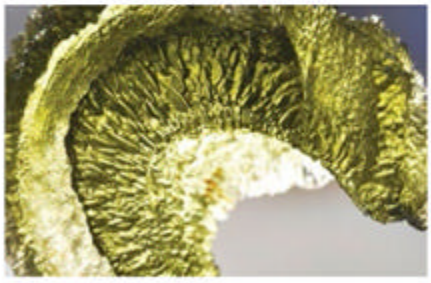
THE VOLCANIC SOOTHSAYER
Sometimes, volcanoes spit lava and a gust of wind spins it into long, glassy threads that look like flaxen strands of hair. Known as Pele's hair, it's often accompanied by black teardrops of glass that have cooled in midair: Pele's tears. They are key to understanding why volcanoes erupt, thanks to the gas bubbles they contain. The teardrops are also handy in understanding what's happening in the magma chambers below.

→ **THE BOTTOM LINE:** RECYCLING GLASS IS HARDLY MODERN. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN WERE DOING IT BY THE THIRD CENTURY! TECHNICALLY,

SUPER SCALPELS
Obsidian is volcanic glass that forms when silica-rich lava cools so quickly that crystals don't have time to form. For centuries, people whittled the brittle material into arrowheads. Today, some surgeons use the material for scalpels since obsidian is sharper than surgical steel and creates less scar tissue than even the finest metal blades.



TINY TIME CAPSULES
By examining ancient gas bubbles trapped in fulgurites—hollow tubes of glass formed when lighting strikes sand—chemists at the National Autonomous University of Mexico were able to see what Saharan desert conditions were like 15,000 years ago: Full of grasses and shrubs.



ANCIENT BLING
Hot meteorites crashing into Earth can melt the surrounding rocks and send them skyward. When those rocks land and cool, they may harden into black or milky green shards of glass called tektites. As far back as 8,000 years ago, people turned these tektites into tools, good-luck charms, and even jewelry—King Tut included.

ILLUSTRATION BY ANA BENAROYA (TIMELINE), YOYOJ3DI (FULGURITE), ALAMY (PELE'S HAIR, OBSIDIAN, TEKTITE)

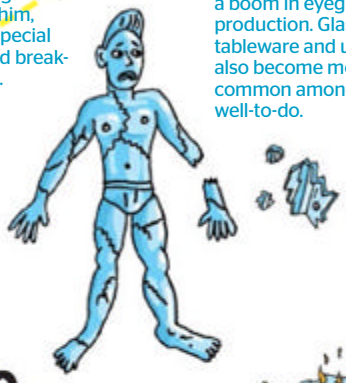
A BRIEF HISTORY OF PEOPLE WHO WORRIED THAT THEY WERE MADE OF GLASS

For more than 200 years, a peculiar delusion swept wealthier European households: People were convinced they were made of glass. The "glass delusion" remains a medical mystery, but it illustrates how the symptoms of mental illness change as new technologies appear.

14TH CENTURY
French glassblowers develop "crown glass," a new way of making windows. The wealthy eat it up. Lower-class windows remain made of cloth, parchment, animal hide, and even flattened animal horn.

1422
King Charles VI of France dies after years spent convinced he is made of glass. Certain a wrong move would shatter him, Charles wore special clothes to avoid breaking into pieces.

1440S
The printing press sends literacy rates rocketing, leading to a boom in eyeglass production. Glass tableware and urinals also become more common among the well-to-do.



1607
Thomas Walkington writes of a Venetian man who's also afraid of "crackling hinder-parts." The delusion spreads and becomes literary fodder. In Thomas Tomkis's play *Lingua*, the character Tactus says, "I am an urinal, I dare not stir for fear of cracking in the bottom."

1613
The delusion reaches new literary heights when Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra writes *Doctor Glass-Case* about a man "beseeching [people] not to come near him, or they would assuredly break him to pieces."

1614
Alfonso Ponce de Santa Cruz aids a French prince who is so scared of cracking that he dares not leave his straw bed. (When that same bed somehow catches fire, it gets his glass in motion.)

1621
In a letter, historian James Howell gushes about Venice's esteemed glass industry, saying it takes "a rare kind of knowledge and chymistry to transmute dust and sand." He then insults a man who believes he's a glass urinal.

1626
A French glass-maker with the delusion wears a cushion on his derriere. He's cured "by a severe thrashing from the doctor who told him that his pain emanated from buttocks of flesh," Gill Speak writes in *History of Psychiatry*.

1641
René Descartes mentions the delusion in his *Meditations on First Philosophy*, a treatise on God. (He also describes people who believe they are pumpkins.)

LATE 17TH CENTURY
Glass loses its novelty, becoming cheap and common enough that even ordinary people can use it for windowpanes. The delusion begins to slide into obscurity.

GLASS IS NOT A SOLID OR LIQUID. IT'S AN "AMORPHOUS SOLID," WITH MOLECULES ARRANGED LIKE A LIQUID BUT FIRM LIKE A SOLID.

Under the Dome

One small town's audacious plan to seal itself in glass.

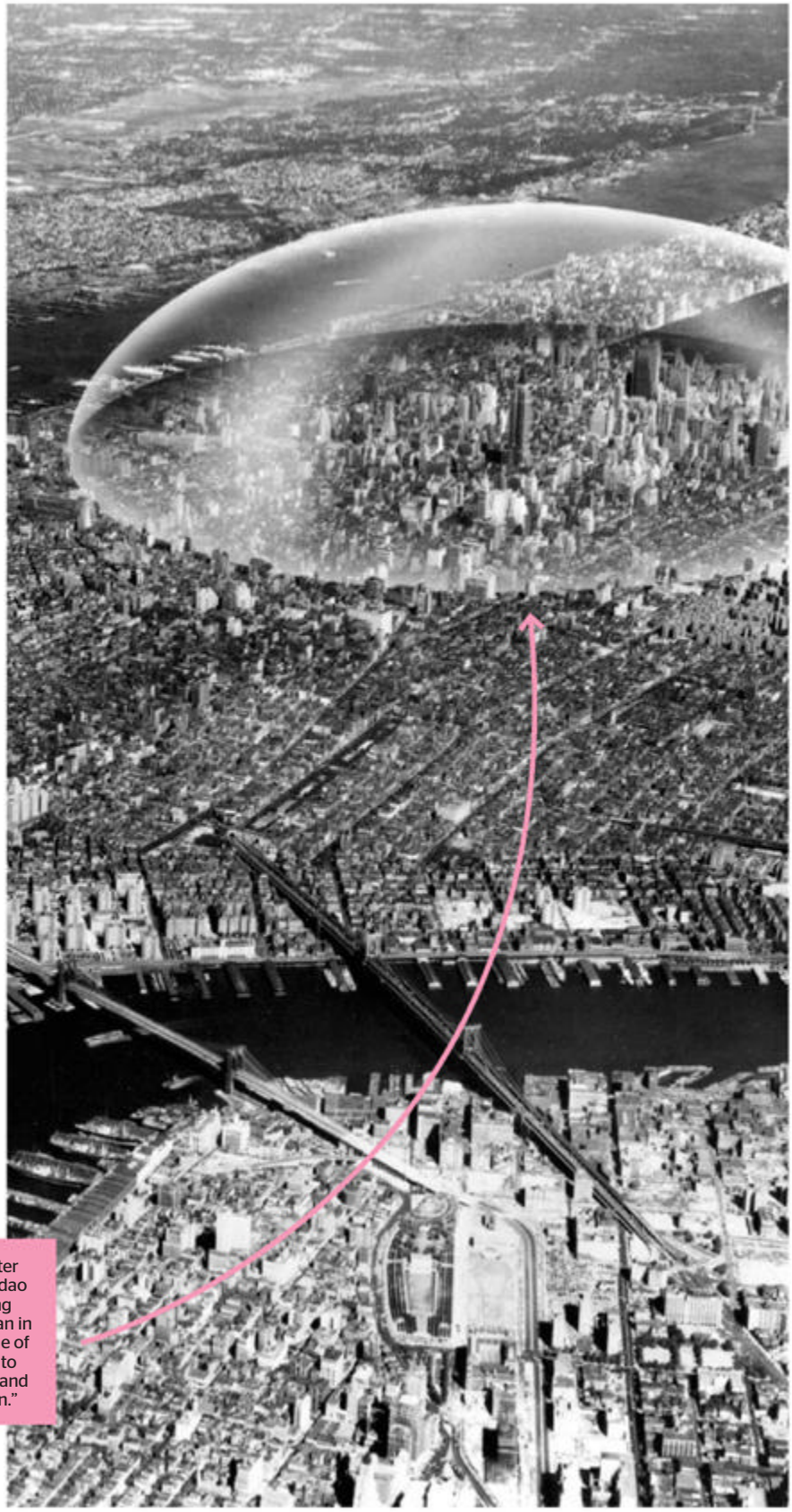
WINOOSKI, VERMONT, was in trouble. It was 1979, and the United States was in the midst of an energy crisis following the Iranian Revolution. Oil was scarce, and energy costs were out of control: Heating and cooling Winooski's municipal facilities had burdened the town of 7,000 with a bill of $4 million. One night at dinner, over several glasses of wine, local city planners concocted a radical idea. What if they encased Winooski—all 880 acres of it—in a giant glass dome?

The "Golden Onion" plan could have died right there had it not been for Mark Tigan, a 32-year-old director of community development. Tigan believed the scheme had the potential to reduce costs by 90 percent and asked his staff to draw up a proposal. He was able to convince the city council to sign on and then the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development. Within days, media vans had lined the streets.

Professionals around the country wanted to help. Among them was Buckminster Fuller, renowned American architect and "father of the geodesic dome." He flew in to attend the 1980 International Dome Symposium and publicly voiced his support. Twenty years earlier, Fuller had proposed a similar plan to encase midtown Manhattan in a glass dome and, having built smaller domes before, said the project was "perfectly feasible."

Despite the fanfare, the federal government denied the project's funding—the economy was struggling, and Jimmy Carter believed it would hurt his reelection chances. It was a blow to futurists everywhere.

But the dream lives on elsewhere: A 2010 proposal for a domed eco-city in Siberia's abandoned Mir Mine still lingers. In Dubai, a "climate-controlled city" is being built: an 8-million-square-foot "mall of the world" with a retractable glass dome. And while Tigan, now a professor at Clark University, never saw his project take form, he still believes it could have worked. In 2009, he told *h+* magazine, "You could have had year-round fly-fishing."
—CAITLIN SCHNEIDER



In 1960, Buckminster Fuller and Shoji Sadao suggested encasing midtown Manhattan in a 2 mile-wide dome of shatterproof glass to "regulate weather and reduce air pollution."

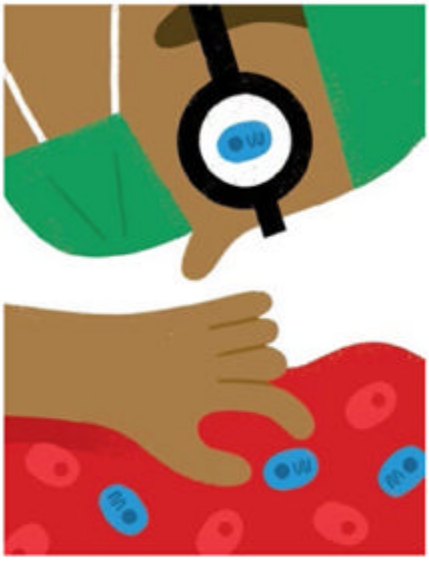
COURTESY THE ESTATE OF R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

→ **THE BOTTOM LINE:** THE FIRST PAIR OF CONTACT LENSES, INVENTED BY A GERMAN OPHTHALMOLOGIST NAMED ADOLF GASTON EUGEN

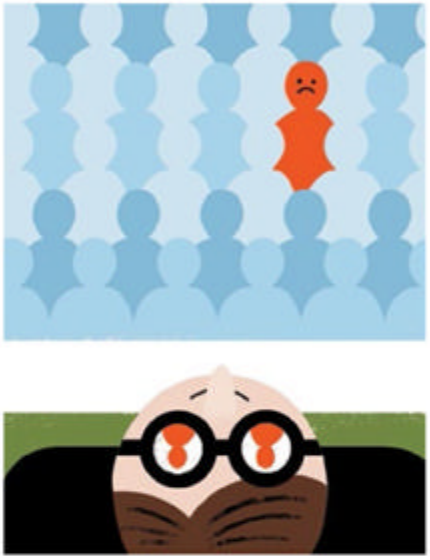
A Glimpse Into the Future

These spectacular spectacles will change how we see one another...guaranteed!

FIT FOR A VAMPIRE
Is the poker player across the table holding a royal flush? With O2Amps, a pair of glasses invented by 2AI Labs in 2012, you might be able to spot that bluff by spying another type of flush: the blood creeping up his neck. The lenses work by making the blood in someone's veins appear to glow by amplifying oxygen signals. Developers built the glasses after studying color vision in primates. And while they're mostly meant to help medical professionals draw blood and identify trauma, they're also useful when you're debating betting the house.



X-RAY SPECS
When doctors operate on cancer patients, it's hard to tell which cells are cancerous and which are healthy. But in 2014, Samuel Achilefu of the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis designed glasses that may help surgeons with the problem. First, doctors must inject a fluorescent molecular agent containing a peptide that sticks to cancer cells in a tumor. Then, when they put on the magic glasses, a beam of infrared light makes the offending cells glow bright blue. The technology could help surgeons ensure all cancer cells are removed, eliminating the need for second surgeries.



BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING
Ex-Sight glasses use a small camera to weed out the bad guys. They can capture faces from 50 meters away, scanning through 46,000 biometric points and beaming the results to a computer database. A program then matches the data against the faces of known criminals and troublemakers and alerts the person wearing the specs if suspects are spotted in crowds. The U.K.'s *Telegraph* compared the technology to something out of *RoboCop*, and they've already been put to use. The glasses proved handy in Brazil during the 2014 World Cup, and they're also expected to be used at the 2016 Olympic Games in Rio.

GUARDIAN OF THE GLASSES

WHEN A LIFE-SIZE bronze statue of John Lennon was erected on a park bench in Havana, Cuba, in 2000, vandals immediately stole his iconic round wire glasses. When the specs were replaced, thieves again stole them, and then again—even after government officials tried gluing the glasses to Lennon's nose. But retired farm worker Juan Gonzalez saved the day. For the past 14 years, the now-97-year-old Gonzalez has donned a security guard shirt and cap and sat beside the statue, starting his self-appointed shift at 6:00 a.m. each morning. Whenever someone wants a photo with the Bronze Beatle, he removes a pair of glasses from his shirt pocket and places them gently on Lennon's metal nose. After the photo is snapped, he stuffs the glasses back into his pocket. Over time, Gonzalez himself has become a bit of a tourist attraction. "All the foreigners that come here take a picture of me," he told the Associated Press. "I am in every country in the world."
—RUTH BEACH

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY J. MILLER (FUTURE GLASSES); ALAMY (GONZALEZ)

FICK IN 1887, WERE MADE OF HEAVY BLOWN GLASS. BEFORE TRYING THEM ON HIMSELF, FICK TESTED THE LENSES ON A RABBIT.

The Toughest Glass of All

Sorry, Philip and Ira. The burliest Mr. Glass was a mountain man named Hugh.

HUGH GLASS was your quintessential tough guy. An Irishman adopted by the Pawnee people around the Missouri River, Glass spent years roughing the high seas as a sailor (or, some say, a pirate) before joining a band of fur trappers in the summer of 1823. He was determined to explore the Western frontier, though he knew it'd be tough. But he had no idea the adventure would make him the star of one of early America's greatest survival legends.

One day, while hunting along the Grand River, Glass crossed paths with a mother grizzly who wasn't very happy to see him and sent him scurrying up a tree. The bear followed and knocked him to the dirt with a swipe of her paw, then chomped on his head, clawed his back, and bit a chunk out of his hindquarters. Glass looked like a goner, but incredibly, he managed to fight back and killed the bear with a knife. When his expedition buddies found him, he was pinned beneath the bear's huge body, injured and wheezing. Certain Glass was done for, the group's leader ordered two men to stay behind and bury him while the expedition moved on. The two began digging Glass's grave and waited for him to die. And waited. And waited.

For the next six days, a comatose but stubborn Glass kept on breathing. Afraid of being left behind themselves, his companions abandoned him, taking his weapons, equipment, and food. As the story goes, when the badly maimed mountain man woke from his stupor, he dragged himself to a spring to drink. Noticing that his wounds were infected, he found a rotting log, lay on it, and let maggots eat and clean his festering flesh. Then he reset his broken leg and started crawling on his belly toward civilization. Dodging buffalo stampedes and hostile Indians, he ate insects, snakes, and meat he found in the dirt. More than two months later, having crawled, hobbled, and rafted nearly 200 miles, Glass stumbled into Fort Kiowa in South Dakota and immediately became a celebrity. If surviving all that isn't reward enough, this year, he's getting the full folk-hero treatment—having his struggle immortalized by Leonardo DiCaprio in the upcoming movie *The Revenant*.

ILLUSTRATION BY BEN KIRCHNER

→ **THE BOTTOM LINE:** MICHAEL CRAIG-MARTIN'S 1973 CONCEPTUAL ART PIECE *AN OAK TREE* IS JUST A GLASS OF WATER. WHEN THE

3 SKYSCRAPERS WITH SUPERPOWERS

Heroes used to leap tall buildings in single bounds. These days, the buildings are the ones with all the powers.

INVISIBILITY!
At 1,476 feet, the Tower Infinity near Seoul, South Korea, will be the sixth tallest building in the world when it's finished. And it will be, officially, the tallest one you can't see. Thanks to a system of cameras and LED screens that project the surrounding scenery on its glass sides, the building seems to disappear. The design team says the trick is a symbol of South Korea's quiet place in the global economy; the government sees the invisibility cloak as a tourist attraction.

DEATH RAYS!
In 2013, a new 37-story skyscraper, dubbed the Walkie-Talkie for its profile, debuted in London and proved a little too hot to handle. Reflecting the sun's rays, the glass facade wreaked havoc, melting car parts and reportedly burning a hole in the doormat of a nearby barber. A reporter even used the glare to fry an egg on the sidewalk. A scaffolding screen was erected as a quick fix for the problem, and a sunshade was installed to protect bystanders.

SUDDEN COSTUME CHANGES!
Glass skyscrapers look pretty, but they can feel like greenhouses in the deserts of Abu Dhabi. So the 29-story Al Bahr Towers use a special glass smart skin to turn down the heat. A honeycomb of screens wraps the building like a cocoon, opening like umbrellas to shield the building from direct sunlight. The shades are a modern twist on the traditional Islamic *mashrabiya*, a pattern that's protected Arab windows from the sun since the 1300s.

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY J. MILLER (OPERA), DIEGO DELSO (WALKIE-TALKIE TOWER), AEDAS (BAHR), GDS ARCHITECTS (TOWER INFINITY)

SCIENCE SOLVES

Can Opera Singers Shatter Glass?

FAMED TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY TENOR ENRICO CARUSO could purportedly shatter Champagne glasses by belting out high notes. And Ella Fitzgerald did it herself in a 1972 Memorex commercial (although she had a little help from two speakers). So it can be done, but it's incredibly difficult. What you'll need is a good ear, some powerful pipes, and a lesson in Physics 101. Here's why it works: All objects have a "resonant frequency"—in other words, everything vibrates at a certain wave frequency. If you've ever tried tracing a wet finger around the rim of a crystal glass, you'll notice that it rings a specific note: That's the glass's resonant frequency. If a strong singer matches that pitch, her voice's sound waves will cause the air molecules around the glass to shake. As those air molecules vibrate, the glass will vibrate too. The louder she sings on pitch, the more likely those vibrations will cause the glass to crack. That's why opera singers are the glass-breaking champions of the world: They're trained to sing loudly without amplification, with some voices topping 100 decibels!

The word lens *derives from the Latin for* lentil *because early glass optics resembled legumes.*

NATIONAL GALLERY OF AUSTRALIA BOUGHT IT, CUSTOMS OFFICIALS PLAYED ALONG AND BARRED THE WORK BECAUSE IT WAS "VEGETATION."

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"UNTITLED (RADIANT BABY), 1990" © KEITH HARING FOUNDATION USED BY PERMISSION.

101 MASTERPIECES #44 **RADIANT BABY**

Living Color

HOW KEITH HARING'S SUBWAY SCRIBBLE BECAME AN ICON

BY ELIZABETH LUNDAY

THE SKINNY KID IN BLUE JEANS and oversize, round-framed glasses wasn't the most suspicious character riding the New York City subway that day in 1982, but he was obviously up to something. As soon as the doors opened at 59th Street, he dashed out and loped down the platform, glancing around furtively. He stopped in front of an unused advertising space covered in a strip of black paper. Making sure the coast was clear, he pulled a stick of white chalk from his back pocket and began to draw crisp, white lines on the sooty paper. In just seconds, a scene emerged—a baby, crawling on all fours, pulsing with energy.

The artist was 24-year-old Keith Haring. At the time, his white-on-black drawings were a regular sight on New York subways. Observant commuters recognized the rotating cast of characters and recurring motifs—barking dogs and spaceships, aliens and angels, atoms and televisions. One image, however, was ever-present: the glowing baby. Sometimes it was front and center of a drawing, and sometimes it was

crawling along the bottom of the work. And sometimes it was worked into a complex composition, almost invisible unless you were looking for it.

Occasionally when Haring drew in the subway, the transit police would haul him away in handcuffs. But on that day, despite several gawkers, he worked without interruption. He was done before the next train screamed into the station, and he quickly left the crowd and the drawing behind as he boarded again. *Radiant Baby*, as the image would become known, was Haring's tag, his signature. It remains, arguably, his legacy.

BORN IN 1958, Haring grew up in a middle-class, Protestant household in Kutztown, Pennsylvania. It was the sort of home that seemed untouched by the social revolutions of the '60s and '70s; Haring's father worked at AT&T, and his mother took care of Haring and his three little sisters. Family life revolved around Sunday school, Bible study, and summer church camp. Haring spent a lot of time drawing—often with his dad, an amateur cartoonist. He loved Disney and Dr. Seuss especially.

When he was around 13 years old, Haring joined the Jesus Movement, a group that melded hippie counterculturalism with Biblical teachings and had established communes and coffeehouses around Kutztown. Adherents, known as Jesus People or Jesus Freaks, touted the thrill of "Getting high on Jesus!" They believed established churches were corrupt, that salvation came from a personal relationship with Christ, and, on a more worrisome note, that the Earth would soon be destroyed in a fiery apocalypse.

But Haring's Jesus Freak phase was short-lived: Within a year or so, he started to question the group's teachings. He also discovered drugs and rock 'n' roll, and by his late teens he'd ditched formal religion. "Still, all that stuff stuck in my head," he said in John Gruen's book *Keith Haring: The Authorized Biography*.

After high school, Haring moved to Pittsburgh for art school but dropped out when he realized he wasn't interested in being a graphic designer. Still, the move was transformative: He came out as gay, started developing his artistic style, and immersed himself in art history. But Pittsburgh was stifling and, before long, he realized that he craved a different scene. "[New York] was the only place where I would find the intensity I needed and wanted," he told Gruen.

He moved there in 1978, enrolling in the School of Visual Arts and becoming part of the vibrant East Village array of artists, dancers, and DJs. Life was a nonstop party fueled by marijuana and cocaine, accompanied by a live soundtrack from the Talking Heads, Patti Smith, and the Ramones. Everyone was young, talented, and poor—Haring scraped by with jobs as a bike messenger and busboy—but there was always enough money to get into Mudd Club or Club 57 and dance until dawn.

Haring's early work in New York was inspired by his contemporaries, who favored conceptualism—art that prioritizes ideas over images. A conceptual work might be a performance, a sentence describing an experience, or merely a thought. For conceptualists, visual aspects of art, including aesthetics, expression, or skill, were all irrelevant. Painting and drawing were hopelessly passé. Haring's art at the time consisted of him sitting blindfolded in an empty room or reading poetry in Morse code with his head in a broken TV set. It was art, but Haring found it unsatisfying. "I had this longing to draw again—to create things physically on paper," Haring told Gruen.

Haring wore Nike hightops while receiving an award from the royal family of Monaco. Their highnesses were not amused.

GRAFFITI CONVEYS A MEANING, EVEN IF ONLY "I WAS HERE."

He didn't have to look hard for inspiration: Street artists were everywhere, crafting elaborate murals out of spray-paint. "Graffiti were the most beautiful things I ever saw," Haring told Gruen. He responded both to the nature of the work—the strong lines and overlapping figures, which he compared to Japanese calligraphy—and its purpose. Graffiti is an art of communication: It conveys a meaning, even if only "I was here."

Other artists in Haring's circle were passionate about graffiti too, including his friend Jean-Michel Basquiat, who tagged buildings all over Lower Manhattan. But Haring wasn't interested in going out and vandalizing with cans of spray-paint. That just wasn't him.

Haring spotted opportunity in the black paper used to cover old platform ads on the subway. Something about the smooth, matte surface called to him. One day, on a whim, he jumped off a train, went to a nearby stationery store, bought a box of white chalk, and returned to the subway to draw. This wasn't art for posterity: The chalk was easily smudged, and soon a new ad would be slapped over it. But for Haring, drawing felt like a huge relief.

SUDDENLY, instead of creating art for artists and collectors, Haring was creating works seen by thousands of people. And he was *communicating* with that audience. Conceptual art, at its

CORBIS (HARING)

worst, is just clever; Haring wanted his work to be a conversation. Now, here he was, discussing it with musicians and secretaries, bankers and bike messengers. "Within a week, when I'd be doing another drawing, people would come up to me and say, 'So you're the guy who did these drawings!'" he said. He began riding trains every chance he could get, looking for black panels; sometimes he would do 30 or 40 drawings a day. In time, he had *Radiant Baby* buttons to hand out to people who asked about his work.

Aboveground, Haring started drawing the same barking dogs, dancing people, and glowing babies on large rolls of paper and oversize vinyl tarps. Collectors noticed Haring's work at the small shows he staged in nightclubs. A 1982 solo show in New York was a smash success; others in cities around the world soon followed. By 1984, he was hanging out with Andy Warhol and Boy George and painting a custom jacket for Madonna. Yet he continued to do his subway drawings—until he realized collectors were ripping down the drawings as soon as they went up.

Haring had an uncomfortable relationship with the art world. His sudden rise to fame was fueled by his popular appeal, not by critics or colleagues. Some artists felt Haring hadn't paid his dues—he'd never even graduated from SVA. Others dismissed his work as simplistic. "The works can be absorbed and forgotten in an instant, so little goes on beneath the surface," a *New York Times* critic railed. The critique only increased when, in 1986, Haring opened the Pop Shop, a place where he could sell his art to his fans directly, and cheaply. The small retail store in Soho sold posters, buttons, and T-shirts emblazoned with his images. Haring wanted his art to be as accessible to kids from the Bronx as it was for wealthy collectors. Critics called it crass commercialism, but Haring didn't care. "The whole idea of getting approval from the art world seemed very empty to me," he said.

Haring's work appealed so widely because it embodied the mood of the moment. His images had the upbeat energy of '80s pop, imbued with a vitality that evoked breakdancing. And his designs were fun—he was, after all, a lifelong cartoon fan. But there was more to Haring's images than met the eye: His figures functioned as a graphic language. In a 1985 interview, he called it "a vocabulary of signs and symbols" and said he wanted to evoke ideas through repeating and combining images in different ways. Some of his symbols were political shorthand; a television set might represent commercialism, a mushroom cloud could mean nuclear war. Other icons communicated emotional states. Generally, his symbols weren't fixed—barking dogs sometimes stood for power and authority, other times they were friendly companions. But when it came to the crawling baby, the meaning remained consistent. Haring wrote in his journals that the child represented "the purest and most positive experience of human existence."

In some ways, the baby represented Haring. But the image also drew upon ancient depictions of another holy infant: Christ. *Radiant Baby*, after all, is radiant. Lines emanate from its body, indicating, in Haring's words, "spiritual light glowing from within." In one subway drawing from 1983, Haring made the connection explicit in his reworking of the Christian nativity. The work showed a star raining light down on a stable where shepherds and kings were worshipping the *Radiant Baby*.

So was Haring a Christian artist? A 2007 exhibit at Pittsburgh's Andy Warhol Museum, *Personal Jesus: The Religious Art of Keith Haring and Andy Warhol*, explored this question. "I would not say he was a religious person, but a spiritual person, yes," Julia Gruen, Haring's former studio assistant and executive director of the Keith Haring Foundation, as well as the daughter of Haring biographer John Gruen, said at the exhibit. "He was such an extraordinary optimist and had such an embrace of life." On the other hand, Julia Gruen said he also saw a dark side to religion—the harm dogma could do. For Haring, the AIDS crisis brought this into sharp focus. "Horrific people—political and religious—called [AIDS] God's punishment of homosexuals," she noted. "This made some people very angry, and Keith was one of them."

Haring often attacked the authoritarian aspects of Christianity. In his iconography, crosses were associated with television sets and dollar signs with tools of control and domination. The 1980s saw the rise of televangelists like Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker, and Haring hated what he considered their abuse of power. He still shared the Jesus People's opposition to organized religion.

Haring's relationship with the faith he was born into was complicated, and *Radiant Baby* reflected that. While many drawings were celebratory (pregnant women dancing with the baby above their heads, or an elated couple holding the baby aloft), in others the baby was threatened by annihilation. In one, the baby was enclosed by a billowing mushroom cloud, surrounded by frantic angels. The Jesus People believed the world was ending soon, a belief that dovetailed with '80s anxieties of nuclear war. It seemed the apocalypse was now.

AND, IN A WAY, IT WAS. The AIDS epidemic swept through Haring's New York and took him with it. After testing positive for HIV in 1988, Haring added a new icon to his visual vocabulary: a horned blob with a twisting tail that became known as the "devil sperm." His art of this period is sometimes angry and despairing. But ultimately, Haring responded to his impending death by celebrating life.

Even as the disease wore him down, he worked tirelessly, pushing forward numerous projects. He always enjoyed working with kids, and the closer he came to death, the more time he spent with them. In the summer of 1989, he traveled to Chicago to paint a 520-foot-long mural with 300 schoolchildren. "Not many people pay attention to us," one girl told him.

Children were also central to a vast project the Haring Foundation was planning for Tama City, Japan: The city's kids between 6 and 18 would hold mirrors that, when seen from the sky, would form an immense *Radiant Baby*. Haring hoped to repeat the project in cities around the world, explaining that, "My baby would actually crawl around the entire globe." Sadly, Haring didn't live to see it happen. He died in February 1990 at the age of 31.

Fittingly, *Radiant Baby* played a central role in Haring's last completed work, his most conventionally religious art. *The Life of Christ* is an altarpiece—a gold-leafed bronze cast of clay panels carved by Haring just weeks before he died. A Christ-figure at the top center is multi-armed like a Hindu deity and is depicted as an adult crucified on the cross. Some of the arms show movement. One set reaches out to embrace the chaotic crowd of Earth's people. Yet another set cradles the radiant baby in loving arms. The baby glows with life but is no longer crawling. *Radiant Baby* is at rest.

PRESIDENTIAL PARTY TRICKS

SOMETIMES THE LEADER OF THE WESTERN WORLD JUST NEEDS TO LET OFF A LITTLE STEAM.

BY BRIAN ABRAMS

1. Abe Lincoln's Frat-Boy Act

In January 1833, a 23-year-old Abraham Lincoln opened a grocery store in New Salem, Illinois, with his Army buddy William F. Berry. Aptly named Lincoln and Berry, the emporium sold bacon, guns, and beeswax—essentials for any homemaker—plus rum, whiskey, and brandy. That stockpile of tipple came in handy on the day Lincoln had to settle a financial dispute between an employee and a local gambler. According to biographer Carl Sandburg, Lincoln bet the gambler that he could "lift a barrel of whiskey from the floor and hold it while he took a drink out of the bunghole." If he failed, he'd give the gambler a fur hat. If he succeeded, the gambler got nothing. Abe then dropped to a tactical squat position, lifted the barrel to his mouth, and basically performed a reverse keg stand with superhuman

ILLUSTRATION BY TAYLOR GOAD

strength. Of course, the stunt came back to haunt Lincoln during his 1858 run for Senate. In a series of debates, incumbent Stephen A. Douglas exposed Abe's past life as a "flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of [New] Salem" who could down "more liquor than all the boys of the town together." Setting a precedent for eons to come, Lincoln refuted the claim.

2. FDR's Recipe for Disaster

Franklin D. Roosevelt was a man of many talents. Making martinis was not one of them. Most weekends, the president retreated to his Hyde Park mansion in New York, where Hollywood luminaries and lefty warriors had to endure Roosevelt's atrocious bartending skills. Garnished with olives, lemon peels, and drops of absinthe, FDR's martinis were so notoriously bad that New York Supreme Court Justice Samuel Rosenman regularly dumped them in a nearby flowerpot. "Many people—and this is recorded—say 'the president made the worst martinis I've ever tasted,'" Roosevelt's grandson Curtis told the History Channel in 2005. And plenty of people had a chance to try them; during the war, Roosevelt opened his liquor cabinet for guests nearly every night. But his booziest affair probably occurred when he pulled out all the stops and threw a toga party for his 52nd birthday. Responding to conservatives who called him a dictator, Roosevelt wore a laurel crown. Afterward, a speechwriter lightheartedly addressed Roosevelt as "Dear Caesar" in his letters. The president eventually asked him to stop, according to historian Conrad Black, "fearing the press might get hold of such a letter and misconstrue it."

MANY PEOPLE SAID FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT MADE THE WORST MARTINIS THEY EVER TASTED.

3. Gerald Ford's Cheesy Faux Pas

Sure, Gerald Ford was an all-star college football player, but there's a reason people think he's a klutz. He once famously tumbled down the stairs of Air Force One. While golfing in Palm Springs, California, he smacked an electric cart into a shack. During ski trips, TV cameramen would station themselves by the toughest slopes, anticipating a pratfall. So what happened on December 30, 1974, when members of the press corp invited the president to a cocktail party in Vail, Colorado, should have been no surprise. Ford, who was on his Christmas break, walked into the party and "made a beeline for the kitchen," according to reporter Thomas DeFrank's memoir *Write It When I'm Gone*, "asking, 'Who needs a drink?'" Martini in hand, Ford puffed a pipe and collapsed onto a couch. The president was so off his guard, DeFrank observed, that he set his "loafer dead in the center of a two-pound wheel of Brie on the coffee table … as he stood up, the cheese stuck to the bottom of his shoe for a heart-stopping instant—before quietly plopping back onto the plate. He never knew." In the president's defense, the snack did look like a tiny ottoman.

4. Franklin Pierce's Casual Friday

Franklin Pierce loved a stiff drink and was known for his marathon carousing sessions. But the one that occurred on Friday, October 23, 1857, takes the cake. Pierce's friend Clement March recounts in his diary: "[The general] and I dined at the Tremont at one o'clock, a glass of brandy and water before, a pint of champagne at dinner, went to the Fair Grounds and returned to the Tremont at 5, drank brandy and water till 7½, supped at Parker's on broiled oysters, beefsteak, and Pomy's Claret, went to the Theatre, and saw Fanny Kemble and her daughter in a private box by mistake, returned to Parker's and drank some very old brandy in his private room, went back to the Theatre and took possession of our 'proscenium box,' then again to Parker's and had raw oysters and a bottle of Stein Wine, then to the General's room, drank two pint bottles of champagne, took a stroll about the streets, and made a call in Fruit Street, where we disbursed some thirty dollars, and at 4 o'clock repaired." That's all, no big deal.

5. Andrew Jackson's Animal House

When Andrew Jackson walked into 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. after his inauguration on March 4, 1829, he brought some unwanted company. His staff had planned a postinauguration White House reception, but they'd mistakenly opened it to the public, and a thirsty mob quickly besieged the party. According to mortified congressman James Hamilton Jr., "thousands … poured in one uninterrupted stream of mud and filth, among the throngs many fit subjects for the penitentiary." The riffraff darted for the kitchen with a collective eye on the waiters pushing barrels of boozy orange punch. A few barrels tipped over and spilled onto White House carpets and floors. Thousands of dollars worth of crystal and china were flung off serving trays. Fights broke out, and the president was nearly suffocated by a barrage of drunken constituents. That's when Jackson's distressed kitchen staff came up with a brilliant idea: take the hooch outside. According to biographer Robert Remini, "all the windows were thrown open to provide additional exits for those anxious to keep up with the refreshments." The swarm followed the booze out the window—Mr. President included.

Adapted with permission from Party Like a President *(Workman Publishing), by Brian Abrams, illustrated by John Mathias.*

Robin S. Rosenberg, as depicted on the cover of her book *What's the Matter With Batman?*

The Superhero Shrink

PSYCHOLOGIST **ROBIN S. ROSENBERG** STUDIES THE MINDS OF COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS—AND FINDS TRUTHS ABOUT THE REST OF US.

BY JEFF RUBIN

JEFF RUBIN[1]: Just to be clear, you are a practicing psychologist who writes about the psychology of superheroes. This is not fan fiction.
Correct.

How'd you get into writing about superheroes?
My children introduced me to the X-Men. I read comics as a kid, but I was blown away by how much psychology there was in their stories. It seemed like a wonderful opportunity to teach nuggets of psychology—scientific psychology, the psychology we learn from the lab, not Freudian.

What is so compelling about the X-Men?
I think their struggle as gifted, marginalized individuals rings true with what we know about giftedness and the social implications of that. And their battle with the Brotherhood of Mutants and with humans captures something essential in their quest to be accepted.

Magneto always struck me as the most believable villain because he doesn't think he's a bad guy and maybe even has noble motivations. Doesn't he?
He does. And I think that raises the issue that there are villains who are only villains from our perspective; from their perspective they are doing the right thing and acting heroically. I created a typology of villains in a book I wrote called *Our Superheroes, Ourselves: The Psychology of Superheroes*. Poison Ivy also thinks she's a hero.

ILLUSTRATION BY NORM BREYFOGLE

Are real-world villains more like Poison Ivy and Magneto than Dr. Doom? Or are they more cartoonish in their villainy?
I'd like to think that, as leaders, they believe they're doing good for their people. If you think of Fidel Castro, in the '60s we thought he was horrible, that he was a bad leader or villainous because he was a Communist. But as far as I know, he really thought he was helping his people.

What other comic book character jumps out as psychologically rich?
Batman, certainly—on the hero side. I think he's a poster boy for psychology. He's dark and brooding. I wrote the book *What's the Matter With Batman?* because when I speak at comic conventions people often say, "So what's the deal with Batman?"

How would you diagnose him?
Batman has so many decades of history, and there are stories I haven't read, but I like him because he made meaning out of trauma. He witnesses his parents' death, and within a few days, he vows to avenge their murder by warring on all criminals.

What makes that so remarkable?
We'd like to think of this as fiction, but in fact [Batman cocreators] Bill Finger and Bob Kane drew on what they had observed in real life about people who experience trauma and the way many make meaning of it. There's a whole literature now about posttraumatic growth, or stress-induced growth. Only 20 percent of people [who go through a traumatic event] develop posttraumatic stress disorder, and there are certain characteristics that make people vulnerable. Bruce Wayne had many of the qualities of resilience that protect people from developing PTSD.

So Bruce Wayne/Batman is just like the rest of us—or about 80 percent of us?
Most of us have something called "a belief in a just world," which means we believe that people get what they deserve and deserve what they get. Most people also believe that they have a sense of agency. People can make meaning out of trauma and find a silver lining. Typically, [people bouncing back from a trauma] engage in social activism. So they will try to help other people—either prevent what happened to them from happening to other people or help them after the fact.

Or fight crime in the streets of Gotham?
Exactly. Batman is a fantasy version, but there are real-life superheroes—firefighters, police officers, Red Cross workers, journalists who go into hot spots internationally—who put their lives on the line and some of whom have experienced their own traumas.

What's an example of a superhero whose psychological motivations we might not recognize?
I really like Green Arrow, who was kind of a blond Bruce Wayne/Batman. He's a human superhero like Batman. He's a filthy-wealthy young man whose parents died, and he has no job. But the comparison ends there. He is what psychologists call a sensation seeker. He loves highly stimulating activities like parasailing, jumping out of helicopters, landing on Mt. Everest and skiing down the mountain, that kind of thing.

WHEN I SPEAK AT CONVENTIONS, PEOPLE OFTEN SAY, "SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH BATMAN?"

So he's like a Richard Branson type.
He flits from one thing to another and has no meaning in his life. After a boat crash, he ends up on a desert island and has to survive by his wits. He feels at peace with himself for the first time. He ends up communing with nature and challenges himself to do better just because he's not complacent. Then it turns out there's a massive drug cartel on the island, and he ends up becoming a hero by shutting down its impressive operation. The situation demanded heroic action of him. He likes how that makes him feel, so when he goes home he continues to do that as the Green Arrow. But the reason the story rings true is that he made meaning of his life and found peace by helping other people.

How would you have diagnosed him?
He probably also had attention deficit hyperactivity disorder. The combination of sensation seeking and ADHD often gets people into trouble, but he turned it into a positive. His story is really about how each of us should figure out who we are and how to make that work for us instead of against us.

What are your thoughts on Buffy?
I really like Buffy. Buffy is all about the importance of social support. Probably more than any other superhero—it's really about her and her team. Her dilemma is the burden of responsibility. She didn't choose that path; she was called to it. Her story is a really lovely story about the ups and downs of being a leader.

What is it about the comic book genre that it can carry this kind of wisdom about human nature?
I use popular culture in general. I've written an essay for another book on the psychology of Harry Potter and edited a book on the psychology of Lisbeth in *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*. And it's the same concept: Really good fiction writers capture something essential about human nature, and they translate what they see in a way that feels true.

Do you think these stories have the potential to help people with certain disorders?
Absolutely. I've been to conventions, and a surprising number of people talk about how Batman's story has given them hope or support when they've gone through really hard times.

How else can we benefit from superheroes?
People talk about Catwoman or Wonder Woman and feel empowered by the model they present. If we relate to the character or person or aspire to be like them, then they give us meaning. And superheroes are just a particular subgenre of fictional heroes that we can admire and emulate as we do people in real life.

[1] Host of *The Jeff Rubin Jeff Rubin Show* (jeffrubinjeffrubinshow.com); owns multiple capes.

The Barbarian's Guide to Parenting

WHEN IT COMES TO CHILDREARING ADVICE, WE'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY.

BY A.J. JACOBS

MODERN PARENTING ISN'T EASY. Childcare books and blogs are filled with so much contradictory advice, it makes you want to throw your own tantrum. But there's good news: You don't live in centuries past, when baby advice wasn't merely contradictory; it was also bizarre and borderline criminal.

One popular suggestion of yesteryear: Put baby in the corner and leave it there (and yes, the baby was usually called "it"). "Handle the baby as little as possible," the 1916 book *The Mother and Her Child* advises. "Turn occasionally from side to side, feed it, change it, keep it warm, and let it alone; crying is absolutely essential to the development of good strong lungs." You wouldn't want to spoil your infant with anything so barbaric as human touch!

An 1894 manual was also pro-neglect: Crying is "the baby's exercise," explained Dr. L. Emmett Holt. The good doctor advised against playing with the baby until it was 6 months old, as play was thought to cause nervousness and agitation.

Those cute little tots may look kissable, but in the past you'd be wise to keep your lips to yourself. "We most strongly protest against the haphazard, promiscuous kissing of babies," intoned *The Mother and Her Child*. Kissing, after all, could transmit diseases—like syphilis. If you must pucker up, kiss the top of the head. (For more insanity, I recommend Ann Hulbert's *Raising America*, which includes a lovely anti-hugging tirade from 1920s behaviorist John Watson.)

"WE STRONGLY PROTEST AGAINST THE HAPHAZARD KISSING OF BABIES."

Instead of physical affection, parents of the past employed other soothing remedies: drugs and booze. Children's medicine in the 19th century was often laced with opium, and the narcotic syrups were known by the creepy euphemism "quietness." You could also get your kid stoned with opium-filled lozenges, or "treat" gassy babies with a few spoonfuls of gin. Thankfully, books like 1878's *Advice to a Mother* warned against booze, instead recommending caraway tea to stop flatulence. (Unlike gin, it's still used as a home remedy for windiness.)

Maybe your baby isn't a fan of tea? Well, try a cup of joe instead! In a 1962 book, Dr. Walter Sackett advised parents to kick-start their infants' days with black coffee beginning at 6 months. Sackett was a total moderate, though. He said "in small quantities at first." For you wussy helicopter parents, Sackett points out that there's always decaf.

In the middle ages, a colicky baby had a worse fate than being drugged. Parents often suspected the bawling tot was a "changeling"—that is, an evil fairy had replaced their real baby with a whiny impostor. The popular solution? Treat the impostor baby so horribly, the fairy would come and switch it back. According to Paul Newman's book *Growing Up in the Middle Ages*, parents would lure the fairy by torturing the child, dipping it repeatedly in a river or abandoning it on a crossroad. (Note: This is not the same Paul Newman known for *The Hustler* and salad dressing.)

Being in the cradle was not much safer than being left in the intersection. Newman says almost one in three medieval infants died from burning cradles: "Sparks from the fire, animals such as pigs wandering into the house and tipping the cradle over, and just plain carelessness all contributed to these preventable deaths."

With regard to toilet training, a U.S. government baby manual from 1932 says tots can start using the throne by the end of the first month, but certainly by the third. The mother should hold the baby "over the chamber, using a soap stick, if necessary, to start the movement."

Breast-feeding women had a huge number of peculiar do's and don'ts. *Advice to a Mother* has a special section on how to control your wet nurse, a common servant among the wealthy in the pre-formula age: They should take walks, avoid crowded rooms, and keep their minds "calm and unruffled, as nothing disorders the milk so much as passion, and other violent emotions of the mind."

Such advice is enough to cause violent emotions. So go ahead and kiss your baby, enjoy a crowded party, and be thankful you weren't a parent in the not-so-good old days.

ILLUSTRATION BY LUC MELANSON

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ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON EGGENSCHWILER

BY **ERIN McCARTHY**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **JUCO**

The Cultivation of Kumail Nanjiani

HOW A *MAD* MAGAZINE-OBSESSED KID FROM KARACHI BECAME A MASTER OF COMEDY (AND VIDEO GAMES)

When he was a teenager in Pakistan, Kumail Nanjiani came up with a foolproof plan for infiltrating the popular high school crowd: It involved walking very slowly (like LL Cool J), laughing in a subdued manner, and memorizing the lyrics to Snow's "Informer." The plan backfired miserably; yet, as his Comedy Central monologue of the tale attests, the 36-year-old Los Angeles–based Nanjiani got the last (and not at all subdued) laugh. A computer science and philosophy major–turned–actor on HBO's Silicon Valley *who also hosts a podcast for* X-Files *fans in his spare time, Nanjiani has the kind of career we admire most: one that's a testament to studying hard, sticking with it, and carefully regulating your recreational time.*

I read that you give yourself three hours a day to play video games.
I have a reward-and-punishment system: If I have done this much work, then I can play video games this long. It gives my day structure.

Did you always love video games?
I was not a very social kid. I didn't like sports, partly because Karachi is safer inside than it is outside—which is true for most places, but Karachi has definitely had issues. My parents didn't want me to go outside and play, so it worked out.

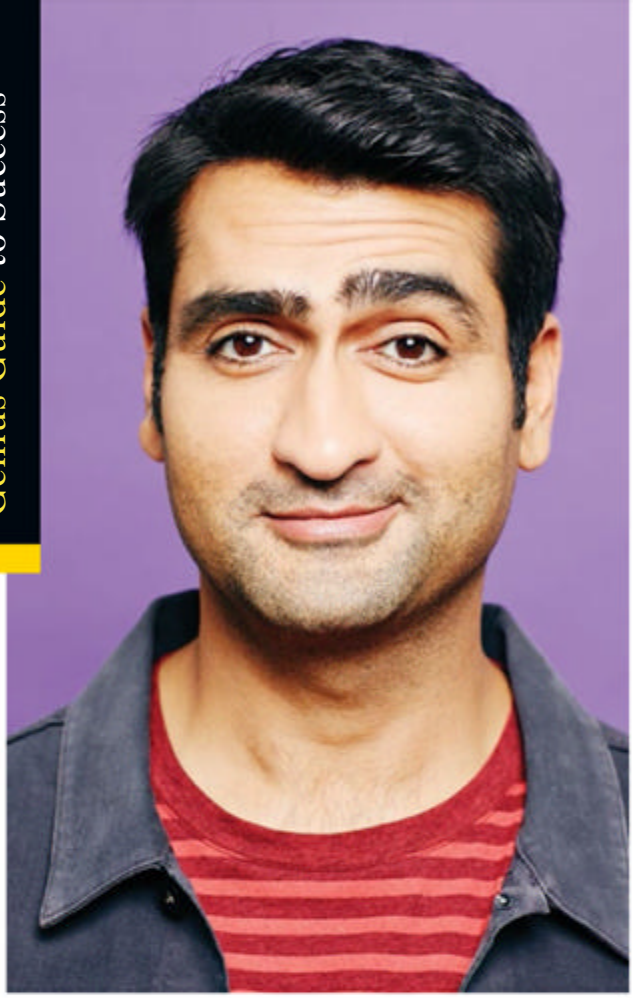
I had a Commodore 64, and I just fell in love with the video games. Then I got a Sega Genesis when I went to Singapore, where my aunt lives. My first game on it was called *Golden Axe*.

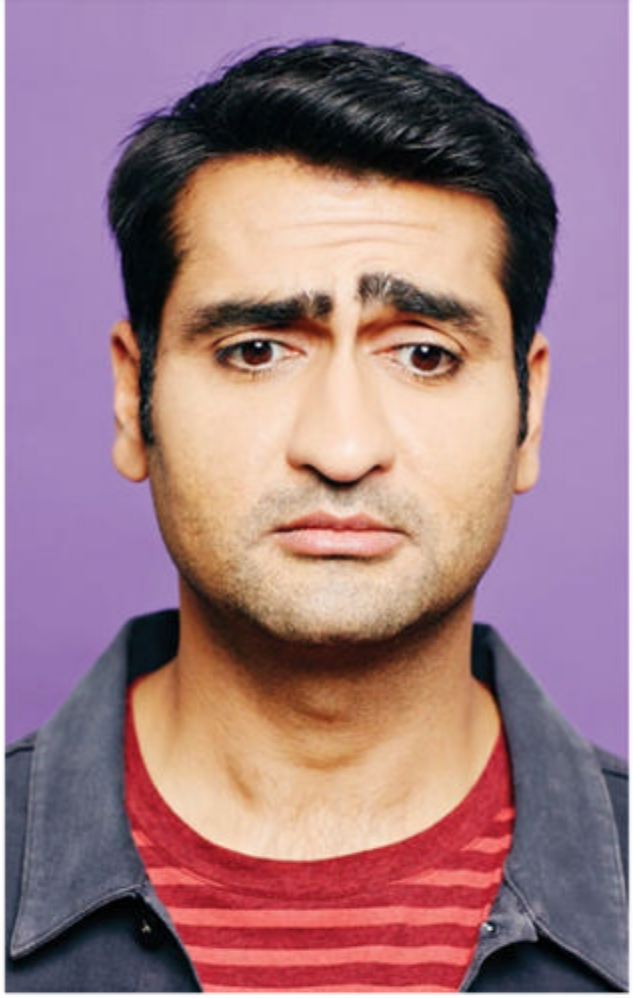
A lot of people say video games can be stifling. Older people say, "We had to go outside, and we had to make up stories!" For me, video games broadened my horizons. Playing *Golden Axe*, I was those characters. I imagined myself being in that world, so honestly, it was a really good thing. I would start writing stories set in those worlds. They never went anywhere, but that was the first time I wanted to write about that kind of stuff.

You wrote video game fan fiction?
Yeah. I think it's an interesting way to tell stories. Not all video games are interesting, and not all of them are doing something unique, but a lot of them are.

What were your first exposures to comedy?
Movies. *Ghostbusters*. Bill Murray stuff.

STYLING BY JAK. GROOMING BY CAROLINE RAMOS.





If I could do the *Freaky Friday* thing with anybody, it would be Bill Murray.
I would do it with the Rock! Any five minutes of the Rock's day, I'll take. Even if he's in the bathroom. I want to see what that's like!

I really like Bill Murray, but I was more into sci-fi and horror, like *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. *Ghostbusters* and *Gremlins* were at the intersection of everything I liked. I watched a lot of Bollywood. And *Looney Tunes*.

Most of my exposure to American pop culture was through this weird prism of *Mad* magazine. We would go to this place called Friday Bazaar, this huge field where people had stalls selling fruit and vegetables but also VHS tapes, books, and magazines. I would always look for *Mad* and magazines about horror movies, sci-fi, and video games—all very cool! Not nerdy at all!

You wrote a one-man show, *Unpronounceable*, about growing up in Pakistan, which ruffled some feathers.
It was my first show. Before that, my comedy had been one-liners and punches. I didn't do autobiographical or ethnic stuff because I didn't want to be defined by that. *Unpronounceable* was about me growing up in a very religious Shiite Muslim household, moving to America, and becoming more used to America. It was a story about how my journey with Islam related to my journey with my parents and our ongoing relationship. Some people thought it was controversial.

But it had a good effect on your career.
That's how I got my first manager and my first agent. It helped me move from Chicago to New York. It changed the way I approached comedy. It helped me articulate how I felt about where I was from, how I was raised, who I am now, and my identity. I realized that talking about something that was so difficult made it easier to talk about something else. I realized you can do anything you want on stage.

What first made you want to pursue stand-up?
In high school, I was very shy. When I moved to the U.S. and started going to college, I became the funny guy. A friend of mine started doing a comedy open mic at a coffee shop. I was like, "I've got to do this."

I would go to my uncle's house in Orlando and record HBO comedy specials. I watched all the stand-up they had. I watched so much good stand-up and so much bad stand-up, and in about six months I went from never having seen it to having a pretty good appreciation for it. I didn't know if I could be funny on stage or write a joke. But I saw that there are no rules. If you're funny offstage, you can figure out a way to be funny onstage.

I gave myself six months to write material and then I performed. There were

"I'M NOT AFRAID OF FAILURE. I FEEL LIKE BEING AFRAID OF FAILURE IS BEING AFRAID OF SUCCESS. IT'S THE SAME THING."

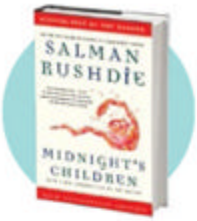
about 150 people in the audience. I did 25 minutes, some crazy ungodly amount of time for a first time doing stand-up, and it is, to this day, one of the best sets I've ever had.

What's the first step to writing a joke?
Realizing that writing is work. It's not just that the heavens speak to you; you write and you write and you rewrite. Developing that work ethic, sitting down to write every single day, is what changed the way I approached writing. Don't try to write anything good. Just write.

Stephen King will sit down to write 2,000 words a day, and he won't stop until he hits that number. Do you have any rules like that, other than the video game reward system?
Now that I've been shooting *Silicon Valley*, it's much harder. I have to be at work at 6 a.m. But I would always write first thing in the morning, and my only rule was I had to write for at least 10 minutes. Usually that turns into a couple of hours.

What do you do when you develop writer's block?
When that happens, I think you're getting into your head and you're getting stuck. So just try to write about something else and then come back to it. Just walking around will help.

MY POP CULTURE MIX TAPE



MIDNIGHT'S CHILDREN
by Salman Rushdie
Sci-fi heightens situations and gets at real truths. This is about the strife between India and Pakistan. [Rushdie] recontextualizes it in this fun, interesting way.

GUILLERMO DEL TORO
As a kid, he loved monster movies. Everyone who makes something that blows you away was once a dumb kid who just liked the things you do—I like to think about that.

PODCASTS
I listen to *Radiolab* and NPR's *Pop Culture Happy Hour*. I've also been listening to *Topics* with Michael Ian Black and Michael Showalter.

BIOSHOCK
This video game hits all the things I'm interested in: sci-fi, horror, and philosophy. And it's a comment on the medium—it's a video game about video games.

You've never had any low points where you thought about giving up?
When I had an office job from 9 till 6 and then was performing stand-up at night, there were times I didn't know if I was going to make it. I never thought about quitting, but it was probably because I never really started, you know? But you keep moving the goal post. There's always something next that's slightly beyond your grasp to focus on. I don't think of where I am going to be in five years. I only think of the next couple months. I'm not afraid of failure. I feel like being afraid of failure is being afraid of success. It's the same thing.

Do you pinpoint any particular event as your breakthrough?
It wasn't one thing. Touring with Eugene Mirman was a big break, then opening for Stella was a big break, and then writing for *Michael & Michael* [*Have Issues*] was a big break. *Portlandia* really helped me get a lot of other jobs. *Silicon Valley* is probably the biggest thing that I've been involved with. I grew up watching [*Silicon Valley* creator Mike Judge's] *Beavis and Butt-Head* and *Office Space*. I'm like, "This guy's a genius." Then I see his process working with it and how much rewriting and work go into it. For me, that was eye-opening. You have to pour sweat and blood into it.

Is it weird to go from being a fan of someone's work to working with that person?
It was intimidating at first. What helps is that Mike's just a normal guy who wants to hang out. He's also a comedy genius. He's just smart in every way, so he's great at math and physics and comedy. Now, to me, he's just like a friend and a coworker.

You have a computer science degree. Does that help you on the show?
No. [Laughs] It really does not. I mean, I was not good at it, so I guess that's why.

So you're not fact-checking scripts.
No. I know enough about computer science to know what we're doing. But I think most people do now. I'm completely wasting my education.

How have your family and friends reacted to your success?
When I go to my parents' house, they have articles and stuff of me framed—but they never talk about it. I get it. Where I'm from, there's a certain number of viable careers, the standard ones. This is so outside their reality. Also, they're not the target audience for my comedy. If I were doing a show and the audience was all Pakistani people in their sixties, I'd think, "Oh, God, I'm not going to do well."

Let's talk about your *X-Files Files* podcast. How do you prepare for each episode?
I watch the show. I look up reviews to see if there are aspects I missed. I look up interviews with the writers. They have message boards archived on Google Groups. I go on and find what people were saying about the episode when it aired. That's interesting—I'm seeing people's immediate reactions to the show and the evolution of discourse on the Internet. It's a matter of looking at the time and then understanding the show's context and what it was commenting on.

If you could transport yourself into any other universe and have it be totally real, which one would it be?
Oh, man, that's a tough one. I would go into the *Golden Axe* world. There were dragons and stuff, and it was awesome. You could kill a dragon and then just rest on that: "Oh, look, that guy killed a dragon." Remember that?

ISTOCK (DEL TORO, PODCAST)

Everyday Genius

Sometimes all it takes to change the world is a small crisis—and a shower curtain.

1 STRANGER IN A STRANGE BED
Novelist Robert Heinlein was a science fiction pioneer, but when he contracted pulmonary tuberculosis in 1933, he became a furniture mastermind as well. Confined to a hospital cot, Heinlein dreamed of instead being in the world's comfiest bed. After recovering, he jotted his thoughts down in a book. Years later, when Charles Hall tried to patent the modern waterbed in 1968, the U.S. Patent Office denied it. Heinlein had documented his ideas so thoroughly in his book *Stranger in a Strange Land* that the office credited him as the waterbed's creator.

2 MILLION-DOLLAR BABY (PRODUCT)
In1946, Marion Donovan—a mother of two—was sick of leaky cloth diapers. Certain that there must be a better solution, she experimented with shower curtains and nylon parachute cloth. Unable to convince any manufacturers to take a chance on her idea, she produced them herself, earning $1 million after selling the patent. Then she had another idea: *disposable* diapers. Again manufacturers dubbed them useless. And again they were wrong. Donovan's ideas would go on to change baby bottoms everywhere.

3 THE YOUNG INVENTORS CLUB
Margaret Knight was working in a cotton mill in the mid-1850s when part of a machine snapped loose and injured a coworker. Shaken, she invented a protective cover for the machine, and soon it was everywhere. But Knight, who was only 12, was too young to file for a patent and didn't get a penny for it. Two decades later, she invented a machine that folded and glued flat-bottomed paper bags. She filed for a patent, only to find that a colleague had stolen her idea. Knight took him to court and won. It was the first of nearly two dozen patents she would be awarded.

HOW I HELPED DISCOVER THE HIGGS BOSON

BY **JON BUTTERWORTH**
AS TOLD TO CAITLIN SCHNEIDER

How do you find something that's not made of anything? That's exactly what a team of physicists, including London-based professor Jon Butterworth, did when they pinpointed the Higgs boson particle in 2012. We asked Butterworth, author of the new book Most Wanted Particle, *how he ended up involved in one of the most important discoveries in physics this century.*

Even when I was a little kid, I knew that the human race was progressing. I had this moment where I realized scientists were still finding stuff. I wanted to be part of that: There were definite things you could learn, and it wasn't a matter of opinion. Once you've got a certain amount of mathematics, physics starts getting more and more complicated. And then suddenly it becomes more and more simple. Somehow it all clicks into place.

After getting my PhD, I spent some time doing postdoc work at Penn State in Hamburg, and then I got a job at University College London. The Large Hadron Collider was being built by then. It was designed to prove or disprove the existence of the Higgs boson, a longstanding fixture of physics. It all comes down to what we think of as a fundamental particle—a particle that, as far as we know, is not made of anything else. Take an electron: No matter how hard you hit it, you can never smash it up. There's nothing inside it. The same applies to a quark. It's almost a childish problem: How can anything that's not made of anything else be anything? That is what Peter Higgs and

ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON EGGENSCHWILER

François Englert and Robert Brout were trying to solve back in the 1960s.

The answer, it turns out, is that you fill the whole universe with an energy field we call the Brout-Englert-Higgs field. The way things have substance and mass depends on how they stick to this field. The only way of really proving that it exists is to hit it really hard and make it wobble. This is what we did with the Large Hadron Collider. We hit that field really hard, and we saw the little wave. The wobble in the field is a quantum excitation, which is a particle—a Higgs boson. It's proof that the field exists.

We knew, because of everything we know about fundamental particles, that the Large Hadron Collider would find the Higgs if it existed. To prove a negative is really quite rare and quite beautiful, so it had to go one way or the other. The first paper I wrote on Higgs physics took the most pessimistic view: Higgs is wrong, but let's see what we can do with this machine anyway. Initially, the day-to-day involved writing lots of code and building electronics and trying to make sure everything fit together. But once the collider was running, a huge amount of data was coming through.

We started in 2008 in a blaze of glory. Nine days later, we had a massive helium leak failure. It set us back 18 months. Once the collider was running again, we had hundreds of meetings all week, often around the clock, because [scientists were working in] different time zones, trying to guide students and postdocs through understanding the detector, and writing our papers in a coherent way. It was just loads of meetings, but they were pretty exciting. It didn't matter whether you were a new PhD student or an aged professor; if you had something important to contribute, you could say it.

The most significant high point was when we first saw this huge, complex machine working. Not only did we have particle collisions, but we had enough of them to measure some processes and see that they agreed with our expectations.

We were looking for a bump in a distribution. That's how you find the particle, when you show that a bump in the data is not just noise, but it's actually a real bump that's not going away. We'd had instances of them in 2011, and then we stopped at Christmas. We started again with a different beam energy and changed bits of the detector around. In April 2012, we saw the first data from the new run. This Higgs was still there. That was the moment I thought, "All right, that's it!"

Obviously, a lot of this was about motivation. You have to really love what you're doing. You're seeing new things that no one has ever seen before. Once they get learned, they never get unlearned.

4 THINGS THAT EXPANDED MY UNIVERSE

COLD COMFORT FARM
by Stella Gibbons
Perhaps the most important comedy book ever—about the triumph of technology in the '30s. Hilarious!

DILBERT* AND *CALVIN AND HOBBES
They taught me about managing, and being managed, at work and at home.

BACK TO BASICS
by Billy Bragg
I learned to play the guitar via this record and music book... unfortunately for my neighbors.

MAX GLUCKMAN
He said, "A science is any discipline in which the fool of this generation can go beyond the point reached by the genius of the last generation."

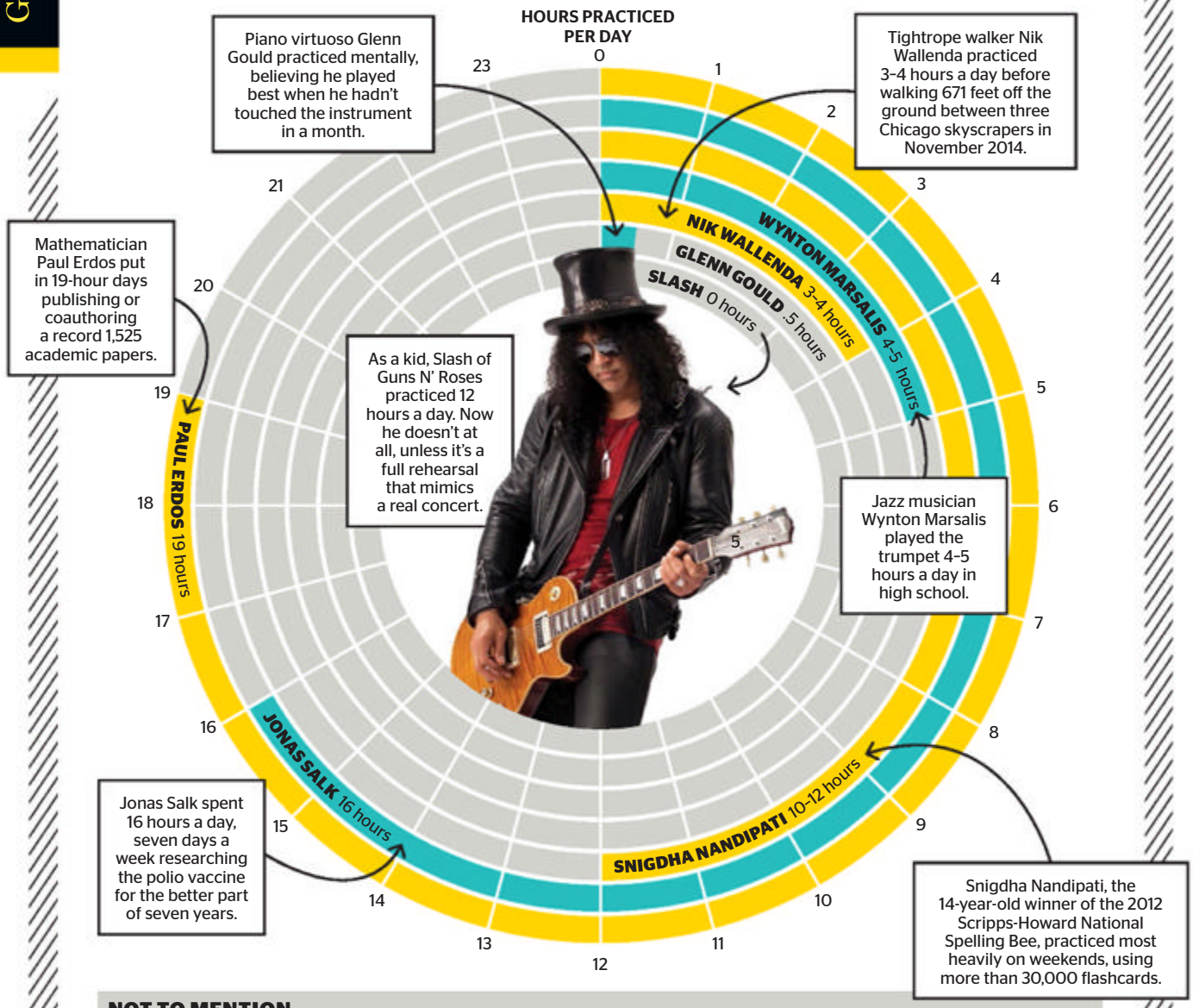
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLAUDIA MARCELLONI (BUTTERWORTH). ALAMY (DILBERT)

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. MAYBE.

How much time does it really take to get great?

When Andre Agassi was a baby, his father taped Ping-Pong paddles to his wrists and let him swat at a mobile made of tennis balls. By the time Agassi was 6, he was hitting 2,500 balls a day, thanks to a terrifying machine called the Dragon that spit balls at 110 mph. The result of the regimen? As Agassi revealed in his 2009 autobiography, he *hates* tennis. But he's also indisputably great at it.

The verdict is out on how much practice it really takes to become an official master of something. (We used to think it was 10,000 hours total, but a 2014 study debunked that idea.[1]) So in lieu of having some magical math equation to follow, we looked at the daily practice routines of various prodigies to see if we could glean any wisdom. Is there a formula for success? You be the judge.



NOT TO MENTION...

JERRY SEINFELD
Before a 27-year-old Jerry Seinfeld delivered his first comedy set on *The Tonight Show* in 1981, he practiced 200 times.

NEIL ARMSTRONG
For the 1969 moon landing, Neil Armstrong practiced in a Lunar Landing Research Vehicle at least 29 times. By the time he did the real thing on Apollo 11, he had a total of 40 minutes and 14 seconds of practice time.

EMINEM
Even though he dropped out of high school, Eminem read the dictionary for hours every night to improve his rhyming skills.

[1] Practice accounts for only 12 percent of mastery, the study found.

ALAMY (SLASH)

THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL PENGUIN

In 1961, the Royal Norwegian Guard was visiting Scotland when a lieutenant named Nils Egelien took a break to visit the Edinburgh Zoo. Delighted by the zoo's huge penguin exhibit, Egelien wondered if the Guard could adopt one as their mascot. His commanders agreed, and the next time the King's Guard was in Edinburgh, in 1972, they officially took one lucky king penguin under their wing. The mascot was christened Nils Olav—for Egelien and King Olav V. Today, whenever the King's Guard visits Edinburgh, they also visit Nils. And at every visit, the penguin gets a promotion for being a good ambassador. Over the years, Nils has risen the ranks from lowly corporal to colonel-in-chief, and in 2008, he was bestowed the highest honor yet: Surrounded by 130 guardsmen, the penguin was knighted by the King of Norway. So it's Sir Nils Olav to you.

ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON EGGENSCHWILER. CORBIS (NAKAMATSU)

Hold Your Breath!

Bizarre productivity tips from Japan's most inventive inventor

Dr. Yoshiro Nakamatsu, better known as "Dr. NakaMats," holds more than 3,300 patents. He claims to have invented the floppy disc and digital watch—as well as a self-defense wig that's swung like a medieval mace. The 86-year-old Japanese inventor does his best thinking underwater, holding his breath in a pool to "starve the brain of oxygen," surfacing with a new idea exactly "zero-point-five seconds before death." (Don't try this at home. There's no evidence that cerebral hypoxia actually increases creativity.) He records his ideas on an underwater notepad he invented—how he wrote down the idea for *that*, no one knows. On land, he brainstorms in a 24-karat-gold-lined, nail-free bathroom, because, he says, gold blocks creativity-stifling radio waves, while the lack of nails means his thoughts won't reflect back to him. It all sounds bonkers, but it's worked for Nakamatsu. He has won top prize at the International Exposition of Inventors an astounding 16 times.

HOW I STARTED MY OWN MUSEUM

BY **JOANNA EBENSTEIN**
AS TOLD TO HANNAH KEYSER

Lie Your Way to Fame and Fortune

We don't condone fibbing. But as a three-time Tony Award–winning magazine and Nobel Prize runner-up, who are we to judge?

1 How to make millions through mail fraud
Music mogul David Geffen began his entertainment career in a talent agency mailroom. He wanted to become an agent, but there was one problem: He was a college dropout who had used a fake UCLA degree to land his job. If his boss found out, he'd get the boot. So when UCLA sent Geffen's employer a letter saying he didn't graduate, the shifty mailboy tampered with it so it appeared he was an alum. He kept his job, got promoted, and is now worth more than $6 billion.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LATETIA BARBIER (EBENSTEIN)

Artist and collector Joanna Ebenstein transformed her lifelong fascination with death into her very own Morbid Anatomy Museum, a 4,200-square-foot Brooklyn warehouse showcasing ghoulish curiosities ranging from a stuffed two-headed duckling and a pickled possum to postmortem photography. We asked her how like-minded enthusiasts could make their own lemonade out of life's most unusual lemons.

All kids are interested in dead things, but there's a moment when you're not supposed to be anymore—especially if you're a girl. I never had that moment. I always wanted my own natural history museum. As a little kid, my dad would put sea urchins in formaldehyde for me. I loved animals. I'd nurse baby birds back to health. But when they died, I didn't see any conflict in preserving them.

In 2006, I was a freelancer doing graphic design, and I was reading this amazing book called *Stuffed Animals and Pickled Heads*, by Stephen Asma. I was at this job thinking, "If I could do anything, what would I do?" Well, I'd go to some of these amazing medical museums and I'd start taking photographs. Then I thought, "I can do that!" So I went to England and France and began collecting photographs.

Later that year, one of my clients sent me to a conference where I met a medical museum curator. She said, "We should do a show of your work!" I got a small fellowship as part of that, around $1,000, and I thought, "You know what? I really want to make this show so much better." So I went to Europe for a month to do more research. When I got back, I had tens of thousands of photographs.

I had so much stuff that I didn't even know how to sort it. I started this blog called *Morbid Anatomy*. It never occurred to me, not once, that anybody else would be interested, but within a few days it had a following. I moved my collection into a cheap studio space at Proteus Gowanus Gallery, an arts incubator. I'm lucky I rented it, because they supported whatever I wanted to do. When I told them I was going to move all my *Morbid Anatomy* stuff in, they said, "Why don't you make it open to the public?" So we began a lecture series, and I started getting invited to professional medical museum conferences.

I know this is supposed to be a success story about me, but it's not. The reason I'm successful is that I work with great people and I'm good at seizing opportunities. I could not have done our book, *Morbid Anatomy Anthology*, without author Colin Dickey. He helped us raise $46,338 when we intended to raise $8,000.

As for the museum? In 2009, I gave a little talk. No one cared except for two people, Tonya and Tracy Hurley, identical twins who were hanging on every word. That's how it started. Tracy was just one of those people who get things done. She put in a bunch of money; they brought a lot of stuff to donate. We did the Kickstarter and raised $76,013. The public perception of what we're doing is so successful, but financially we're still rocky.

I haven't actively done any research for a little over a year now. My day-to-day work involves designing membership cards, writing weekly mailers, looking over event listings before they go live, corresponding with contributors to the anthology, working on our next exhibition—which is magic—trying to plan the publication to go with that, and working with our development director. We're a skeleton staff.

At the opening of the museum, I took in the toast, looking around at all the people there, all of our community members who made this possible, and I realized that was what this is about. It's these really wonderful, quirky people who don't necessarily have an institution that serves their needs. The Metropolitan Museum is amazing: It produces an experience for the masses. But there are also people whose interests are very niche. They may feel like outcasts. They need a place, too.

4 OF MY MORBID DELIGHTS

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER
I found this 1955 film while dusting the shelves at my video store job in college. It was the only film Charles Laughton ever directed, and he only watched silent films to prepare. It's one of the strangest, darkest, and most wonderful films ever.

THE PITT RIVERS MUSEUM IN OXFORD
This is maybe my favorite museum in the world: a perfect place if ever there was one, virtually untouched since it opened in the 19th century.

***BEVERLY HILLS 90210* (THE FIRST SEASON)**
It was the last of its kind: an earnest teen show without self-referentiality and irony. It had a perfect serial after-school-special formula.

NIGHT FLIGHT
This mysteriously wonderful late-night TV show played music videos and avant-garde films. It was like a sentry from a better, more interesting place.

2 How to become a professional athlete with zero athletic skill

In 1996, Ali Dia cooked up a scheme to become a soccer pro: call the manager of the Southampton Football Club, pretend to be FIFA Player of the Year George Weah, and recommend the team sign Dia. The prankster got a one-month contract. Dia appeared in just one Premier League game, where, according to *The Independent*, he got less than 30 minutes of playing time before he was yanked off the field.

3 How to almost become *Time*'s Person of the Year, despite not being, in fact, a person

When Ed Smith received two enrollment forms from Georgia Tech, he jokingly filled out one with a fake name—George P. Burdell. The imaginary student was accepted. Smith kept the ruse alive by enrolling Burdell in his classes and doing the student's homework. In 1930, Tech unwittingly gave Burdell a degree. The prank lives on: In 2001, online voters nearly selected Burdell as *Time*'s Person of the Year.

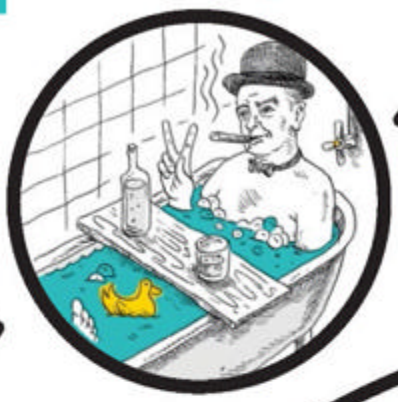
WINSTON CHURCHILL'S GUIDE TO WORK-LIFE BALANCE

Some experts advise a healthy separation between work and play. Churchill had other ideas.

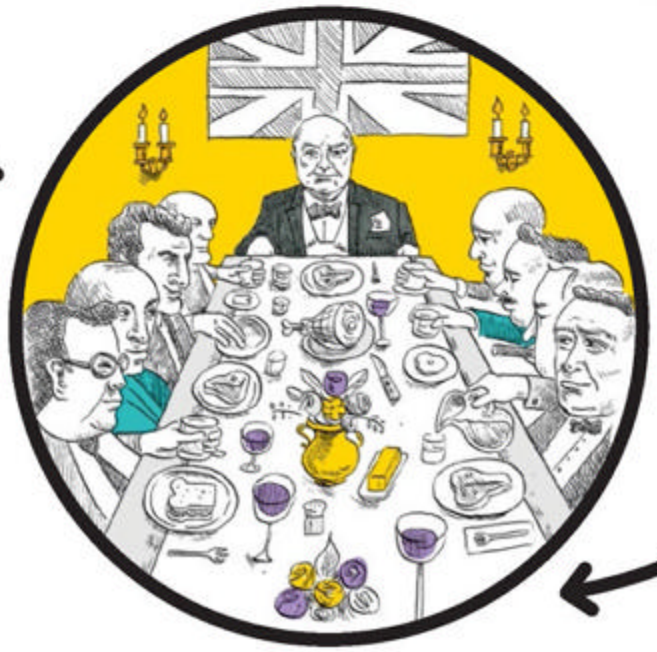
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOEY PARLETT

Although he woke at 7 a.m., Churchill stayed in bed until 11, working all the while. He caught up on local news, ate breakfast, and spoke with secretaries.

After a bath paired with weak whiskey soda, he'd slip on some finely woven pink silk underwear. (He had sensitive skin.) His wife, Clementine, complained they "cost the eyes out of the head."



Starting at 1 p.m., Churchill began a three-course, two-hour lunch. Afterward, now fueled by Champagne, he'd go back to work. Or breed butterflies. Or paint. His paintings were actually so good, some became postcards. Picasso even said, "If that man were a painter by profession, he'd have no trouble in earning a good living."



After a second bath—where he'd occasionally hold War Cabinet meetings—Churchill headed to dinner, which was full of socializing and smoking that often lasted to midnight. Churchill only once tried giving up his iconic cigars...when he was 15.[1]

After his guests left, Churchill would work for hours before heading to bed, sometimes around 3 a.m.

[1] His mom bribed him with the promise of a gun—and a pony.

Churchill would carry his whiskey soda to his office, slip on a green velvet jumpsuit, and get to work. In fact, Churchill is arguably the father of the onesie. He proudly wore his one-piece siren suit everywhere, even when meeting leaders, from FDR to Stalin.

Believing it was a "rule of my life never to drink nonalcoholic drinks between meals," Churchill would sip another whiskey soda before slipping into bed for a 1.5 hour nap. The prime minister loved siestas, a habit he'd picked up in Cuba. He claimed it enabled him to do a day and half's worth of work in 24 hours.

Sidekicks to Success

5 names that *should* be in the history books.

1 THE REAL MOUSEKETEER
Walt Disney wasn't actually the cartoonist behind your favorite rodent. Animator Ub Iwerks single-handedly animated the first Mickey Mouse silent cartoon, *Plane Crazy,* in just three weeks. (Disney was so bad at drawing Mickey that Iwerks had to give him drawing lessons.)

2 BOSTON COMMONERS
Without colonists William Dawes and Samuel Prescott, Paul Revere's ride might not have mattered. Of the three, Prescott was the only one to complete his mission—Revere and Dawes were thwarted by the enemy. It's said the only reason Revere gets all the credit is because poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow found Revere's name the easiest to rhyme.

3 WASHINGTON'S NO. 1 SPY
Another major player in the Revolutionary War doesn't even have a name. Known only as Agent 355, the female spy supplied George Washington with crucial intelligence, helping arrest the head of England's intelligence operations and even bring down Benedict Arnold. Her identity remains a mystery.

4 SHELF AWARENESS
Gray's Anatomy would be nothing without the illustrations, yet the artist remains a footnote because Henry Gray was jealous. Both men spent months dissecting cadavers for the medical-resource book, but when Gray edited the proofs, he shrunk Henry Vandyke Carter's byline and ensured he never saw a dime of royalties.

5 THE PLANE WINNER
While the Wright Brothers were busy running a bicycle shop in the 1890s, Octave Chanute had already flown several successful gliders at the Indiana Dunes south of Lake Michigan. The brothers would base some of their early designs on his gliders.

WEIRD WRITER HABITS, RANKED

Nude calisthenics, apple core obsessions, and earmuffs.

SUPER DUPER WEIRD

The Greek orator **Demosthenes** would shave half of his head because it forced him to stay inside and work. Plutarch writes, "Here he would continue, oftentimes without intermission, two or three months together, shaving one half of his head, that so for shame he might not go abroad, though he desired it ever so much."

Friedrich Schiller worked late at night, so to keep the sandman away, he'd dip his feet in ice-cold water. But it gets weirder: Schiller always wrote with a bunch of rotten apples stowed in his desk drawer. He said the smell motivated him.

ACK!

While writing *The Corrections*, **Jonathan Franzen** worked in a soundproof room wearing earplugs, earmuffs, and a blindfold to stay focused.

To keep his mind fresh, **Franz Kafka** exercised in front of the window—naked.

HMM

Maya Angelou worked each day from a hotel or motel room and enjoyed a glass of sherry each morning as part of her ritual. She asked that the sheets not be changed, though occasionally the writer received notes to the effect of, "Dear Miss Angelou, let us change the sheets. We think they are moldy."

Patricia Highsmith sat on her bed in the fetal position, surrounded by cigarettes, matches, coffee, doughnuts, and a saucer of sugar. Later in life, she kept a bottle of vodka by her bedside, reaching for it the minute she woke. She marked the bottle to set a daily drinking limit.

UH...

Marcel Proust rarely ate. "It isn't an exaggeration to say that he ate virtually nothing," his housekeeper Celeste recalled in a memoir. "I've never heard of anyone else living off two bowls of café au lait and two croissants a day. And sometimes only one croissant!"

Edith Sitwell would purportedly lie in an open coffin for a while before writing. That's probably not true: Sitwell just liked to write in bed, sometimes never getting up all day!

TOTALLY ACTUALLY NORMAL

Gertrude Stein liked lounging in the passenger seat of her Model T Ford, named "Aunt Pauline," penning prose while her partner, Alice Toklas, drove around doing errands.

Umberto Eco works everywhere: "the water closet, in the train. While swimming I produce a lot of things, especially in the sea. Less so in the bathtub," he told the *Paris Review*, "but there too."

HOW I BECAME A YOUTUBE SUPERSTAR

BY **AKILAH HUGHES**
AS TOLD TO ABBEY STONE

Akilah Hughes leads an impressive double life: She's a writer and producer by day, and an Upright Citizens Brigade comedian and Internet star by night. We asked the 25-year-old New Yorker how she built up a following of more than 87,000 video-hungry YouTube subscribers while continuing to pursue her stand-up dreams.

You read those interviews where people say, "I was a dancer when I was 2"—it wasn't like I was doing stand-up at 2. But

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEN MUSSARI (HUGHES)

4 THINGS I

DARIA
No show captured the sarcasm and cynicism of the late '90s quite like *Daria*. Nothing had as great an impact on my comedy, either.

DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION
Back in the early 2000s, this was the "next generation" of gaming. We had a DANCE MAT. It was supercool.

THE VERY BEST OF CHER
Maybe I'm hokey, but most of my workout playlist is this album, and it has been since age 11.

EMOJIS
How did we express ourselves before tiny pictures of pizza and cats with heart eyes?

I'm the youngest, and the way you get in with older siblings is by making them laugh. So when I was very young, I went, "You know what, I'm just going to get good at this."

In high school I got really into improv and competed on our speech and drama team, and I did plays and comedies in college. It should have been a no-brainer to transfer it to YouTube, but it took me forever to realize that's what I wanted to do. I was nervous and intimidated when I started posting videos. I had no idea if what I was doing was lame or stupid or embarrassing. Most of my friends' initial reactions were, "Why?" They just didn't get it. I don't blame them.

My first videos were mostly shopping hauls and book reviews. I tried to fit into categories like beauty or books, but I was like a second-rate version of an established personality instead of myself. Then I thought, "You know what, I'm just going to make fun of myself, because I'm bad at videos." That became the theme of my channel: how bad I can be at different things.

I'd been posting videos for years before any took off. It's frustrating when you know you're funny and you know you've got a unique perspective, but the things you post don't reflect that. A lot more than talent goes into making videos.

"Meet Your First Black Girlfriend" changed everything. Neither Tim Knight, who helps me shoot and edit, or I thought that was going to be the winner. I posted it around 8 p.m. to my Tumblr, and after 10 minutes, it already had over 1,000 reblogs. That's when I knew. There wasn't a Champagne toast and a hand-delivered box of money and a letter of recognition from Lorne Michaels. I just went to bed excited to see how many people would see it by morning.

I've realized YouTube is not exactly a platform that encourages or supports diverse talent. No one like me has ever really "made it" there. It's not just about race; it's about the brand of comedy. I don't want to be a black Grace Helbig; I want to be Akilah Hughes. I know YouTube is changing, but my competition is juvenile pranks and cute animals, and it still hasn't made that much room for diverse voices. But, I do get a lovely paycheck from them every month, which is nice when you're making it in the big city on your own. Those student loans aren't going to pay themselves.

After "Meet Your First Black Girlfriend," everything was different. I left my boring day job for a comedy-writing job at MTV and started working with Fusion (an ABC and Univision joint venture) writing blog posts and shooting sketches. I got to host Spike TV's *Comic-Con All Access*, which was a total dream.

Recently I asked a friend who does comedy, "Do you know there are regular people who go home after work and just watch TV and that's their night? Like, they're not worried about anything." And she said, "I don't know what that's like." I guess I'm one of the lucky ones who never expected YouTube to become a career. The plan is to remember my roots and my audience and to bring them on the journey with me. I want to be Chris Rock, but younger and hotter.

7 Golden Rules for Success

By saving bananas and training pigs, these historical innovators improved their lives, made millions, and prevented nuclear catastrophe.

ILLUSTRATION BY
BYRON EGGENSCHWILER

1 Look for treasure where others see trash.

In 1895, Samuel Zemurray arrived in Mobile, Alabama, and discovered a fresh business opportunity ready for the picking: He noticed that ripe bananas coming off ships were tossed after arriving at the port because they couldn't be delivered to markets fast enough. Rather than let the freckled bananas rot, Zemurray, who had $150 to spare, bought them cheaply and sold them along the rail lines. Within three years, the practice made him a whopping $100,000—the equivalent of $2.8 million today. He became one of the richest men in the South and would later go on to lead United Fruit Company, the biggest such business in the world.

2 Carry one stone at a time.

An 18th-century courier, Simeon Ellerton had the odd habit of picking up big stones he found on his route and balancing them on his head. Each day, Ellerton wore the stones back home until, finally, he had a pile big enough to build a stone cottage. When Ellerton finished building his rocky home, he continued carrying stones atop his noggin—he felt naked without them. Whenever anybody asked why he balanced rocks on his skull, he answered, "'Tis to keep on my hat!"

3 Keep an eye on the time.
Ruth Belville literally sold people time. Specifically, she sold Greenwich Mean Time. In 1892, she started visiting the Greenwich Observatory every morning to set a chronometer to the exact time, accurate to within one-tenth of a second. Then she hopped on a train and made her rounds in London, selling the correct time to clockmakers. For a price, Belville's clients could check their timepieces against hers. Belville was so reliable that even electric timekeeping couldn't keep up. When the Standard Time Company tried to run a smear campaign against her, it only increased her sales.

4 Use your animal magnetism.
Centuries before Cesar Millan, a man named Jemmy Hirst was the world's most famous animal whisperer. Born in England in 1738, Hirst realized he had a knack for training wild things when he taught the pigs belonging to his school principal how to jump hurdles (the affair got him expelled). He also trained pigs to hunt foxes, taught a jackdaw (a bird related to crows) to hurl insults, showed an otter how to fish, and enticed a hedgehog to follow him and keep him company. His greatest accomplishment, though, was training his pet bull, Jupiter, to be a horse. Hirst motored through town with Jupiter pulling his personal carriage, which was shaped like an upside-down lampshade.

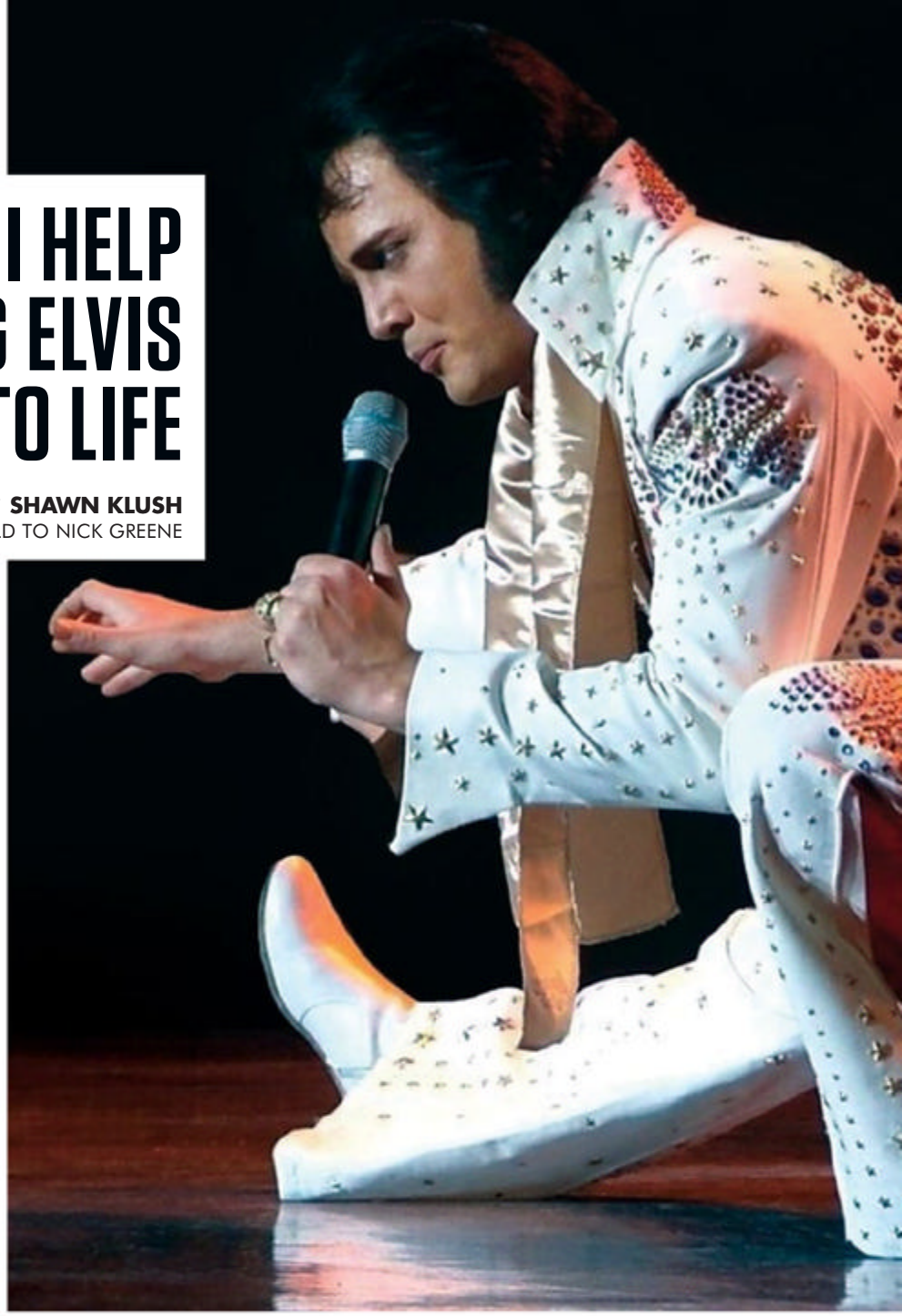
5 Speak your mind.
Greg Packer has been quoted and photographed in hundreds of newspaper articles and TV broadcasts. The Associated Press alone has interviewed him at least 16 times. Packer isn't a celebrity or a rock-star scientist; he's a retired highway worker whose solitary goal is to be the most quoted "man on the street" in America. By waiting first in line for public events—whether he's standing by the red carpet or sitting on the sidewalk waiting for the next iPhone—Packer looks like an obvious, friendly choice for journalists looking for quotes. He's been interviewed so many times on so many topics that the AP had to release a memo to its reporters explaining, "Mr. Packer is clearly eager to be quoted. Let's be eager too—to find other people to quote."

6 Don't act your age.
George Blair was 39 when he had spinal fusion surgery. His doctor suggested that warm water would do him good, so Blair decided to take up waterskiing. (Yeah, we know.) He fell in love with the sport, learned to ski barefoot at 46, and soon became one of the world's greatest water-skiers. Wearing trademark yellow, Banana George medaled in 15 national championships and continued skiing until he was 93. A member of the Water Ski Hall of Fame, he remains the only person to ever water-ski all seven continents—Antarctica included.

7 Once in a while, kick back and do nothing.
It was just after midnight when the alarms in Stanislav Petrov's secret Soviet bunker started to wail. Maps flashed everywhere, and the Russian command for LAUNCH appeared on a screen. This was exactly what Petrov, a lieutenant colonel in the Soviet Air Defense Forces, had been trained for. He was in Serpukhov-15's bunker to monitor incoming nuclear attacks, and the system was warning him of something heading his way. Five American missiles, the system said, were careening straight for the USSR. It was Petrov's job to warn officials and spark a counterattack. But Petrov was skeptical. He figured that, if the U.S. was going to start a nuclear attack, it would certainly send more than just five missiles. So he disregarded protocol and reported that it was a false alarm, effectively saving the world from nuclear annihilation by not doing his job.

HOW I HELP BRING ELVIS BACK TO LIFE

BY **SHAWN KLUSH**
AS TOLD TO NICK GREENE



Even when he's not on stage, Shawn Klush speaks with Elvis Presley's unmistakable drawl. The Pennsylvania native is so convincing as his hero, the BBC named him the World's Greatest Elvis. We asked him what it's like to become—not just impersonate—the King of Rock 'n' Roll.

Elvis was always playing in the house. He was my dad's idol, and I got bit by that bug real early. I remember being 3 years old singing Elvis.

My first performance was at a school function. I didn't think I was gonna make it, walking in a dark room and not knowing what's there. It was one song, "Edge of Reality." It went over huge.

I performed in the Poconos before going on tour in Canada, where I won a competition in Montreal. Soon after that, I started performing across the country, including on the very Vegas stage where Elvis played. I'm a lucky guy. I got real lucky to be able to do this. And a lot of this stuff is natural for me.

I didn't watch anything to practice or mimic; I didn't stand in front of a mirror. I've never done that. I don't know how I've

6 Stay-at-Home Geniuses

These phenoms lived with their parents well into adulthood—and look where they ended up!

1 STEVE JOBS
Every Mac lover knows the first Apple computer was built in a garage, but people forget that the garage belonged to Jobs's parents. He ran his business out of his folks' home for more than a year.

2 LOU GEHRIG
One of the toughest ballplayers in history, Gehrig lived with his mom until he was 30 years old. All of his serious girlfriends needed her approval, which she didn't give easily. She rejected nearly all of them.

COURTESY AMBASSADOR TALENT SERVICES

gotten to where I am by not doing that, but there's something that happens every time before I go on stage that scares me to death—like anxiety almost to the point of where you can't control it. That helps me with the show. I do whatever I feel, whatever pops up. It's that excitement. It's that big buildup. It's that love. It's that "Holy crap," you know what I mean?

There's a connection with him. I wish you could step outside of yourself and inside of me to feel it. Maybe you can explain it; I can't. It's everything you've ever expected and it's nothing you'd ever expect.

I stay as true to the original as I can. It needs to be what he is and who he was. The original guitars, the boots, the suits. San Remo boots aren't made anymore; you can't find 'em. I took a pair to a boot maker and I said, "Can you replicate these in my size?" And he said, "Yeah, no problem: five grand." That's what sets us apart. You gotta think, nobody's gonna spend $5,000 on a pair of boots that don't mean anything today. But our show is that way. The guitars—I play nothing but Gibsons. They're $4,000 or $5,000 apiece. The karate stickers that he put on the guitars are impossible to get because the guy that invented them passed away and his wife said, "Bull. You can't have them." We do it, and it's all out of respect and adoration and love.

I don't perform "Edge of Reality" anymore. It's considered a movie song; it doesn't have anything to do with his performances. You don't go out in the middle of a show in a jumpsuit and sing, "*When her motor's warm, and she's purrin' sweet...*" You don't sing "Spinout!" It doesn't work. You can add things and embellish by doing this and that, but people are gonna go, "Elvis didn't do that." Everything is about being true. Don't fool yourself, don't fool anybody else. Feel it in your heart before it comes out of your mouth, and you should be OK. If you believe in you, they'll believe in you. Just remember the love that's there for that guy.

It's very difficult to walk in someone else's shoes. It's hard to live up to an image, to be somebody else. Breath—you know? It's hard to take their breath. I always regarded Elvis as a bigger, stronger individual than me—an iron giant—and I thought I couldn't come near that. How this has all happened is beyond me; I'm just grateful for it. It's pretty strange.

4 THINGS THAT GET ME ALL SHOOK UP

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS
I saw this Elvis documentary at my dad's buddy's house as a kid. It blew my mind.

"IF I CAN DREAM"
That's the epitome of Elvis Presley. Also, "Bridge Over Troubled Water." It's just phenomenal.

SAN REMO BOOTS
This is the brand of boots he wore. I couldn't help myself—I need them!

THE LATE '60S
And the early '70s. My body and my style of singing and everything lend themselves to this period.

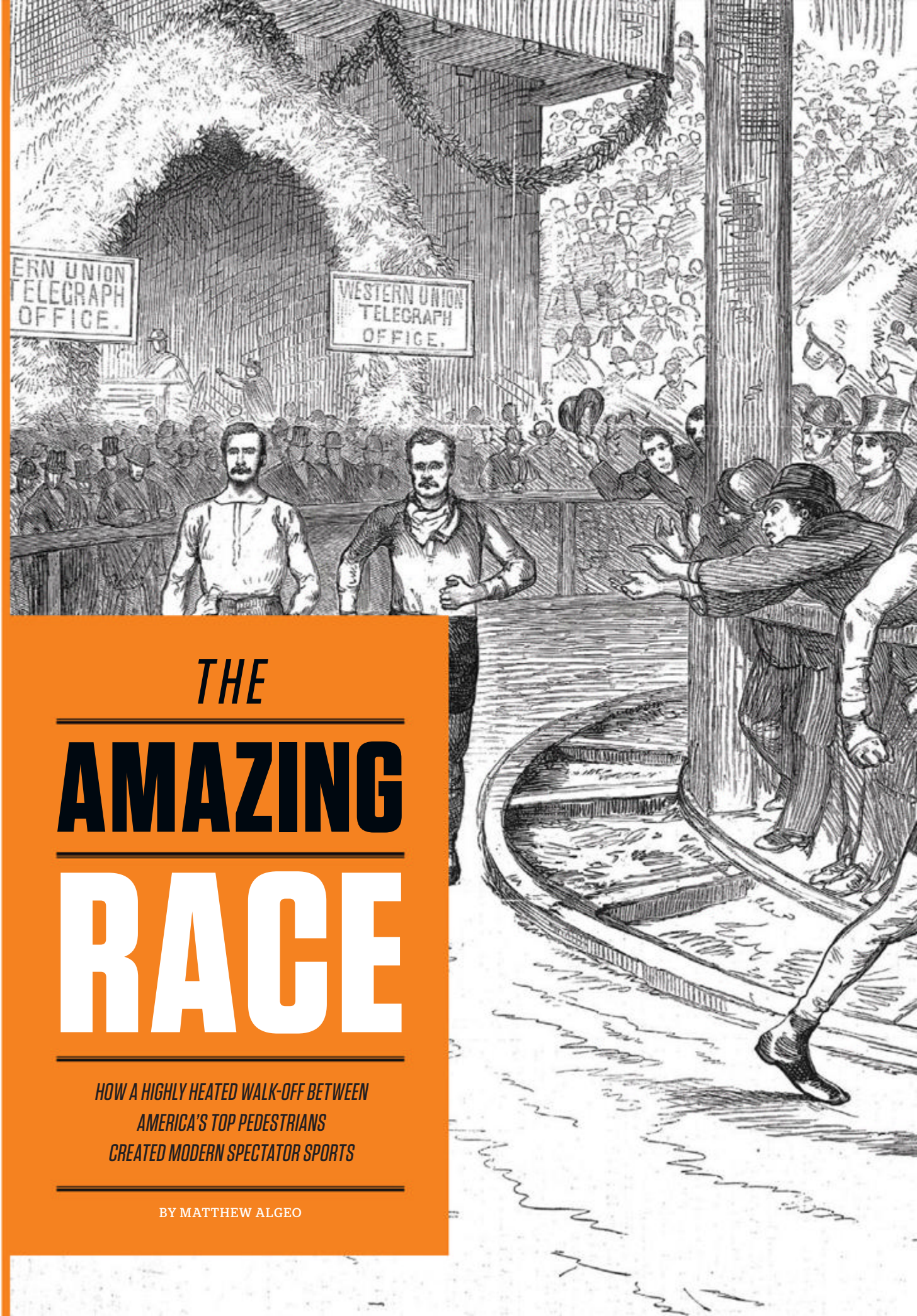
ALAMY (PRESLEY)

3 MILES DAVIS
Davis's dad bought him his first trumpet when he was 13. Later, during his Blue Period in 1954, Davis returned to his father's house in East St. Louis, Illinois, and locked himself in a bedroom to kick his heroin habit.

4 ANNE, EMILY, AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË
The Brontë sisters were successful in an era when literature was an unseemly pursuit for ladies. They stayed with their encouraging father, Patrick, an Anglican priest and author.

5 GRIGORI PERELMAN
The Russian mathematician solved one of math's greatest puzzles, the Poincaré Conjecture, and won the prestigious Fields Medal. He still crashes with Mom, also a mathematician.

6 SALVADOR DALI
The mustachioed surrealist lived with his father until he was 25, but his dad kicked him to the curb for a piece of art that boasted this shocking inscription: "Sometimes, I spit for fun on my mother's portrait."



THE AMAZING RACE

HOW A HIGHLY HEATED WALK-OFF BETWEEN AMERICA'S TOP PEDESTRIANS CREATED MODERN SPECTATOR SPORTS

BY MATTHEW ALGEO

It was just after midnight on Monday, November 15, 1875, and the Interstate Exposition Building in Chicago was buzzing. Spectators swarmed the auditorium, hundreds of people craning their necks to get a glimpse of the two legends on the track. One of the men wore a black velvet suit with black boots, a silk sash draped across his chest. The other looked the part of a conventional athlete in white tights and a striped tank top. They stretched their legs, then approached the line. As the crowd roared, the starter counted: "One! Two!"

On "Three!" they were off. With hips swiveling and arms pumping, the Great Walking Match for the Championship of the World had begun.

In the 1870s and 1880s, competitive walking—formally known as pedestrianism—was America's most popular spectator sport. As cities grew and the nation industrialized, people found themselves with spare time and a little money to burn. The country's mood had also changed post–Civil War: A stern antebellum work ethic had given way to a new appetite for simple fun. And competitive walking was certainly simple. Matches cost little to stage, and competing required no special equipment. Before long, the nation was swept up in "walking fever."

The men on the track were Edward Payson Weston and Dan O'Leary, and what played out before a screaming fan base was more than just a race. Weston, a New England dandy who often competed in flashy outfits, was the man to beat. He'd made his name eight years earlier, when he walked the 1,200 miles from Portland, Maine, to Chicago in under 30 days, winning a $10,000 wager in the process. A blue-blooded Yankee, Weston embodied old money and an old America.

O'Leary's story couldn't have been more different. Born in County Cork, Ireland, he had arrived in the States, alone and penniless, some 10 years earlier. Finding opportunity in a burgeoning sport, O'Leary had jumped into pedestrianism less than two years prior to this race, walking an astounding 116 miles in under 24 hours and establishing himself as the working man's hero. He also became Weston's biggest rival. This was the first time the two squared off, and the public was lapping up the hype.

For Chicago's Irish community, O'Leary wasn't just an athlete; he was a symbol of hope. Four years earlier, another O'Leary—Catherine (no relation)—had been blamed for igniting the Great Fire of 1871 when her cow supposedly knocked over a lantern. In a city devastated by the flames, Catherine became a convenient scapegoat, an easy punching bag for an angry and xenophobic populace. Tension between the city's Irish immigrants and its "native" population had only grown worse. And in that divide, Dan O'Leary was left carrying his community's dream on his back—hoping to prove an Irishman's worth by walking his way to glory.

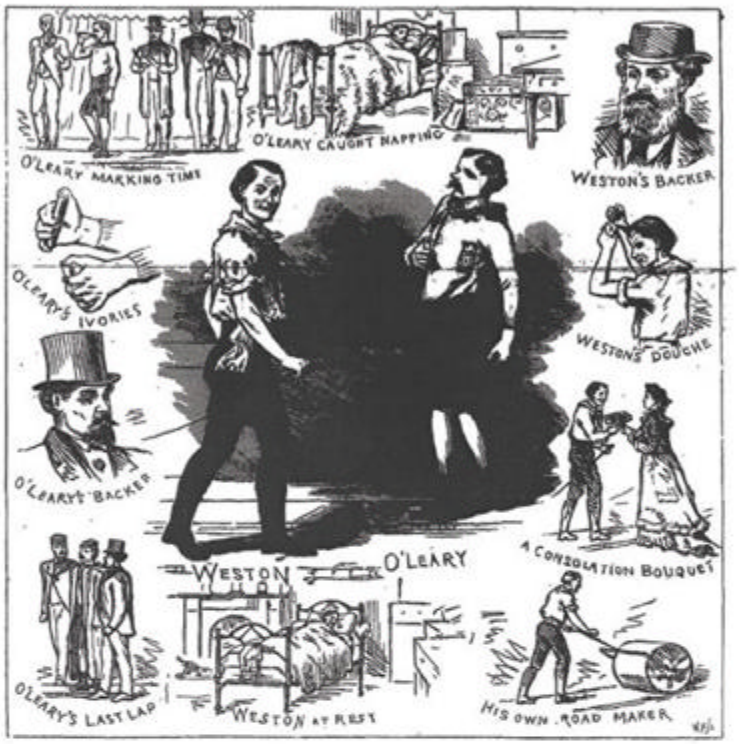
THE RULES FOR THE WALK-OFF WERE CLEAR: The first man to walk 500 miles would be declared the winner. Running was not permitted. Each competitor was required to keep one foot in contact with the ground at all times while on the track. Also, the race would take place on two concentric tracks made of pressed mulch, more commonly known as "the tanbark." To a generation of Americans, the tanbark was the gridiron of its day.

The men had to adhere to one more rule: Under no circumstances could the race continue beyond midnight the following Saturday. At the time, Chicago, like nearly every other city in the United States, had blue laws that prohibited "public amusements" on Sundays. Six days was as long as any athletic event could last.

To honor that law, the doors of the Expo opened at 11:00 p.m. on Sunday. Despite the late hour, between three and four hundred people filed in to watch the start of the race. The two competitors drew lots to determine track position: Weston would walk on the inside track, O'Leary on the outside. Shortly after midnight, once the Sabbath had broken, Chicago mayor Harvey Doolittle

Adapted with permission from Pedestrianism: When Watching People Walk Was America's Favorite Spectator Sport *(Chicago Review Press), by Matthew Algeo.*

PREVIOUS SPREAD: COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. OPPOSITE: BRITISH LIBRARY NEWSPAPERS



As they were sports superstars of their time, illustrations of Weston and O'Leary appeared on the front pages of London's *Penny Illustrated Paper* and *Illustrated Times.*

Colvin addressed the crowd in the dim light of the building's hissing gas lamps. The mayor's role announcing the race underscored its magnitude.

From the start, it was clear that O'Leary, seven years younger, was faster. The difference in their gaits was also immediately apparent. According to one observer, O'Leary walked with a "straight form, quick stride, and bent arms." He held his head up and looked straight ahead. Meanwhile, Weston seemed "rather to drag than throw his feet." Worse still, the observer bemoaned how he seemed "to carry his head on his breast and to see nothing but the dirt before him." O'Leary's crisp form translated into results, and he shot into the lead, completing his first mile in 11 minutes and 3 seconds. It took Weston more than a minute longer.

With no grandstands to watch from, the audience pressed close to the tracks, jockeying for position. Some crossed over to view the action from within the concentric ovals, to the chagrin of the walkers. On several occasions, police had to clear the way for the pedestrians. Even the *Chicago Tribune*, despite its breathless coverage, seemed stumped by the frenzy. "Walking," the paper observed, "is at best not an absorbingly entrancing sport."

But the *Tribune* was forgetting a basic fact: People were bored. It's hard to fathom now, but in the 1870s, Americans were desperate for entertainment. As leisure time boomed, most Americans spent their idle hours reading and storytelling, often by candlelight. Live entertainment outside the home—a play, perhaps, or a musical performance—was too pricey to be anything more than an occasional indulgence. (In Chicago, a theater ticket usually cost a dollar, twice the price of a ticket to this weeklong world-class walking match.) Watching people walk in circles for days was, if not "absorbingly entrancing," at least an unobjectionable way to kill time.

BY THE END OF THE FIRST DAY, Weston trailed O'Leary by 19 miles (110 to 91). Still, he exuded confidence. His strategy was simple: slow and steady. Weston was convinced that fatigue would overcome O'Leary before the race ended. After all, the men got only three to five hours of sleep a night in small rooms in the Expo. For the most part, the two didn't even stop for meals; more often they ate as they walked. Weston was partial to rare beefsteak; O'Leary preferred mutton and sipped hot tea and Champagne on the move.

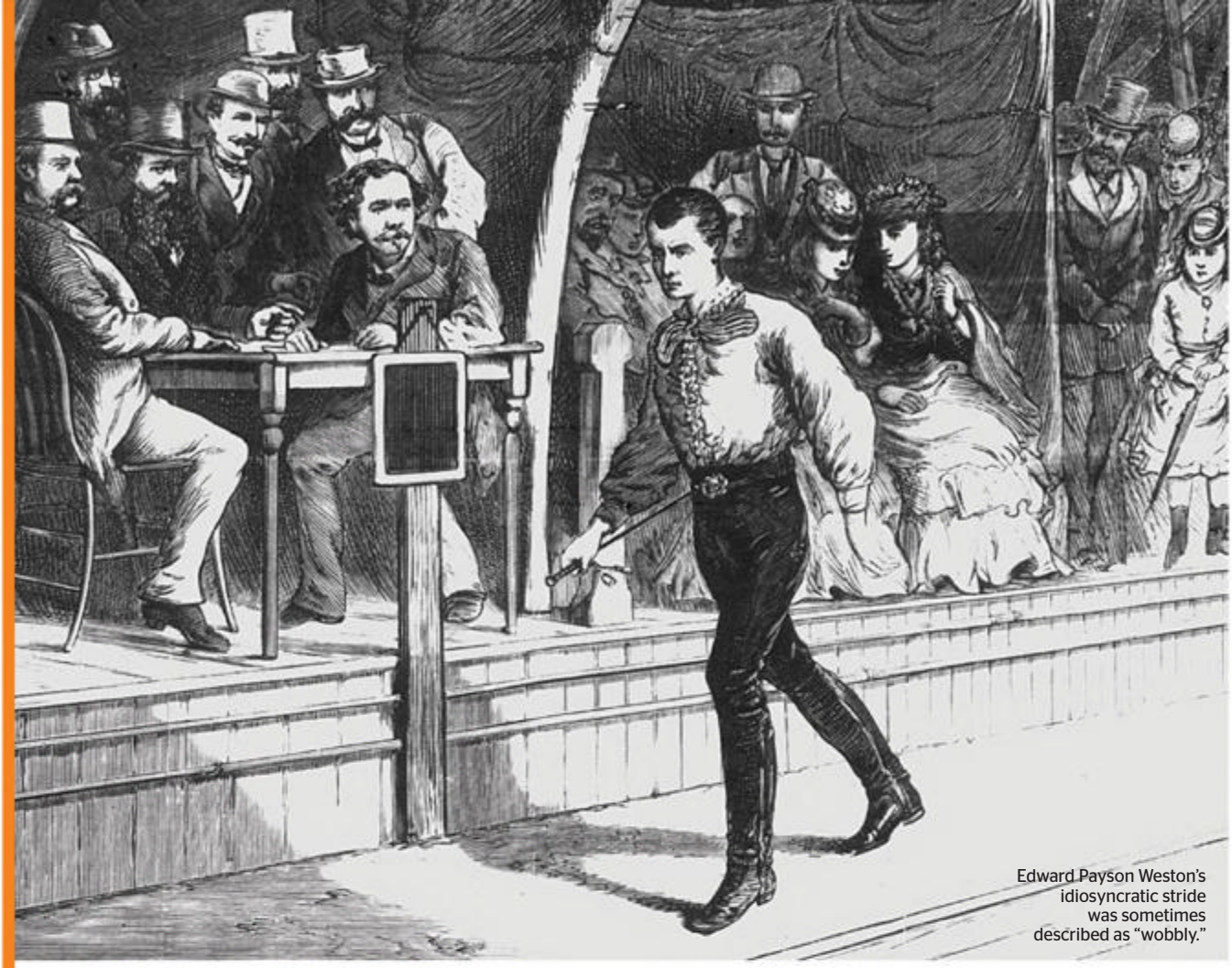
When the two pedestrians retired on Tuesday night, O'Leary had added three miles to his lead. By the end of Wednesday night, he had stretched his advantage to 26 miles. It was starting to seem obvious that O'Leary would not wear out as Weston had expected, but Weston was too proud and stubborn to alter his strategy, and he continued to plod forward.

WESTON, A NEW ENGLAND DANDY WHO COMPETED IN FLASHY OUTFITS, WAS THE MAN TO BEAT.

As O'Leary's lead steadily increased, the Expo overflowed. The audience was packed with Irish immigrants shouting themselves hoarse in thick brogues as they cheered for their compatriot. Those unable to afford the 50-cent admission tried to barter for entry, offering to guard the building's marble statues in exchange for free admittance.

Finally, as Saturday morning dawned, the outcome no longer felt like a question: O'Leary was ahead, 425 miles to Weston's 395. By 3 o'clock that afternoon, the line for tickets snaked around the building. That the competitors were by now practically wilting from exhaustion only added to the excitement.

By 9 p.m., 6,000 people had packed into the Expo. "The crowd was motley, but largely respectable," the *Tribune* wrote. "It represented wealth, standing, and brains, and thieves, gamblers, and roughs. Ladies



Edward Payson Weston's idiosyncratic stride was sometimes described as "wobbly."

AS O'LEARY NEARED HIS GOAL WITH EACH PASSING MILE, A TENSE MURMUR MOVED THROUGH THE BUILDING.

were there in large numbers, some with husbands and some with lovers, but all had a terribly hard time of it in the ceaselessly moving and noisy throng." Small boys crawled through the forest of legs to get close to the action. The older, more adventurous ones clambered up the Expo's trusses and took seats on the beams near the roof, more than 100 feet above the floor.

As O'Leary neared his goal with each passing mile, a tense murmur moved through the building. Around 10:15, he completed his 495th mile, and it seemed clear that he'd reach 500 well before midnight. Weston, for his part, plodded wearily on.

At 11:15, O'Leary completed his 500th mile. The Expo erupted in delirious cheers. Men threw their hats in the air. The band played a celebratory tune. O'Leary's wife greeted him at the finish line in front of the judges' stand with a large basket of flowers. O'Leary paused, caught his breath—and then continued walking. When the hands on the big clock reached midnight, he had completed 503 miles. Weston had clocked only 451.

Both Weston and O'Leary would take home serious winnings: After expenses and a cut for the promoters, each walked away with more than $4,000—nearly $90,000 today. But it was O'Leary's triumph that was celebrated by every class, from the businessman to the bootblack, as a city that had spurned his people now embraced him as a native son. Newspaper editorials sang his praises. Poets composed verses in his honor. O'Leary's victory helped the Irish gain some acceptance, if not equality, in Chicago.

O'LEARY WASN'T THE ONLY OUTSIDER who managed to use pedestrianism to break into society. The sport also opened doors for African-Americans and women. After Frank Hart, a Haitian immigrant from Boston, won a prestigious race in 1880, headlines heralded his name from coast to coast, a remarkable achievement at a time when blacks weren't afforded full citizenship. And people like Ada Anderson (see sidebar) proved that pedestrianism could help women, too, achieve new status levels.

But in some ways, the sport's greatest legacy was on sports itself: Walking matches marked the beginning of modern spectator sports in America. Never before had so many people attended, and wagered on, athletic events. Never before had the media devoted so much feverish attention to them. The top walkers of the 1870s earned fortunes, not just in prize money but in endorsement deals. O'Leary even shilled for

ABOVE: COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Woman Who Walked. And Walked. And Walked.

The most famous female pedestrian was Ada Anderson, a Londoner who punctuated her performances with singing, oratory, and pranks (applying black greasepaint to the faces of sleeping spectators was a particular favorite). She was incredibly popular among women, an audience usually ignored by sports promoters.

For her 1878 American debut at Mozart Garden, a music hall in Brooklyn, Anderson attempted a feat that had never been attempted before in the United States by any pedestrian: She would walk a quarter mile every 15 minutes for 1,000 consecutive quarter hours—more than 28 days. One newspaper reported that doctors believed she had "trained her constitution into the habit of accepting the requisite sleep in small doses."

For the duration, Mozart Garden was packed. "These crowds are largely composed of women, and of these no small portion are ladies," reported the *New York Times* (careful to make a distinction between women and ladies). The paper noted that women had come to regard Anderson "as one of the most wonderful of their sex."

Madame Anderson did not disappoint: She completed the feat on January 12, 1879, finishing her last quarter mile in 2 minutes and 37.75 seconds—the fastest of all the 2,700 quarter miles she walked. She celebrated with a glass of port.

a brand of salt. And men like O'Leary and Weston became celebrated heroes, seeing their images immortalized on some of the first cigarette trading cards, a precursor to baseball cards.

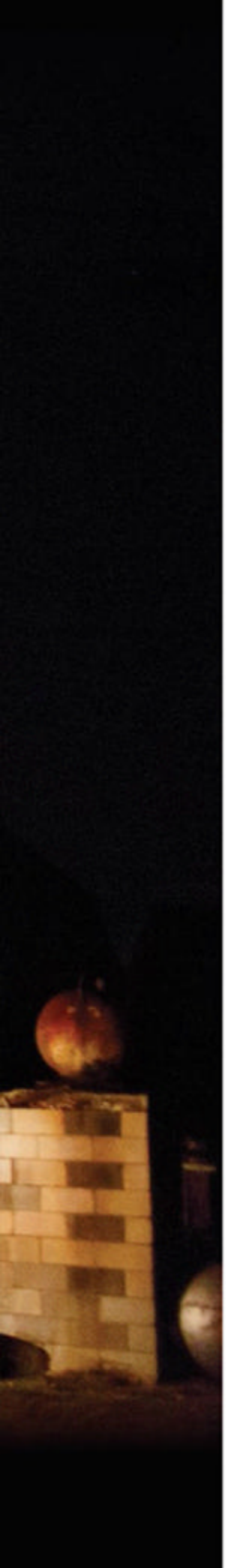
It wasn't long, however, before America's new pastime faced some stiff competition. In 1885, the "safety bicycle," boasting two similar-sized wheels[1], emerged. The sleek rides made for faster-paced, more riveting races. Around the same time, baseball was on the rise. The National League, founded as a ragtag enterprise in 1876, became a profitable business after team owners reorganized. Spectators who had once flocked to walking matches now filled spacious new wooden ballparks.

By the mid-1890s, pedestrianism was foundering. Charges of race fixing and doping tarred the sport. The great Weston himself was caught chewing coca leaves during a race—a practice many considered unsportsmanlike, if not outright cheating. Public sentiment began to turn, and people realized that six-day races, the most popular form of pedestrianism, were absurd. Instead of being seen as feats of athleticism, they were looked down on as freak shows.[2]

Great walkers like Weston and O'Leary, though, didn't stop walking, even as pedestrianism faded in popularity. In 1913, a 74-year-old Weston walked from New York to Minneapolis, selling a 10-cent souvenir program along the way. O'Leary became a traveling "baseball pedestrian," staging exhibitions before games in ballparks across the country. He would challenge one of the ballplayers to run around the bases twice while he walked around them once. More often than most expected, O'Leary won. Afterward, he would pass through the stands, hat in hand, collecting nickels and dimes to subsidize his winters in Southern California.

O'Leary stayed true to the sport till the end. When asked for exercise suggestions for "weakly men and women," O'Leary's response was as quick as it was inevitable: walk. "Do not take strolls," he admonished. "Vigorous breathing is what builds up a healthy life." He seemed to be on to something: The Irish hero lived well into his late 80s. Old-timers swore that, even as an old man, he still walked "like a piece of machinery."

[1] It was much faster and more nimble than penny-farthing bicycles—the kind with the absurdly oversize front wheels—which were named for the size discrepancy between two British coins.
[2] Six-day races were banned in New York state in 1899. The law is still on the books.



The Milk Man

BY GABE LUZIER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MELISSA GOLDEN

AN AMISH COMMUNITY WAS IN A BIND, UNTIL ONE LOCAL FARMER VOLUNTEERED TO GO THE DISTANCE.

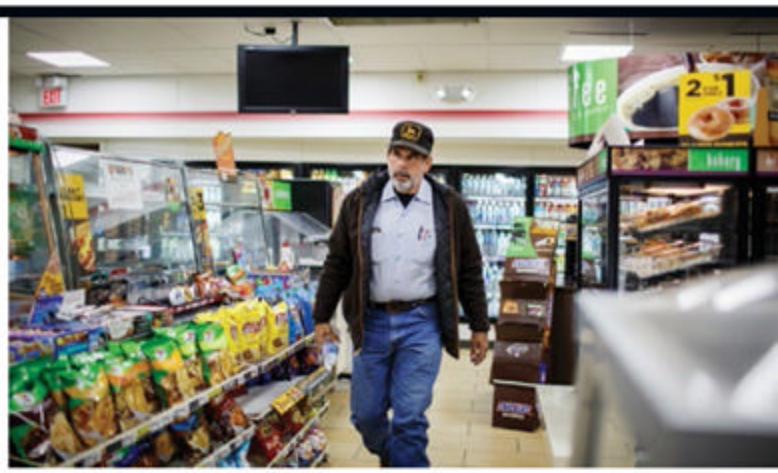
The sun is setting in rural Aquasco, Maryland, and Roger Chappelear has just wrapped up a long day on his grain farm. Now, he's preparing to work the night shift: Armed with a metal clipboard and a heavy-duty flashlight, the 56-year-old climbs into the cab of a commercial tanker truck parked in his driveway. For the next seven hours, he'll drive winding dirt roads through Maryland's Amish country, covering more than 75 miles with stops at 16 dairy farms along the way.

Chappelear's mission is milk. He'll collect as much as 20 tons of it, and by morning he'll deliver it to a community-owned plant, where it will be processed into cheese. Chappelear makes only a modest profit, doing the job in his spare time out of his sense of kinship with the Amish community. For the past 15 years, he's done it every other night.

It's not unusual for Amish populations, whose way of life doesn't allow for cars and trucks, to partner with others for rides. But here, the arrangement is particularly important. For more than 20 years, the Amish in St. Mary's County had processed their milk at a bottling plant in nearby Waldorf. When the plant closed in 1998, none of the other ones in the region saw much value in sending trucks to small-scale Amish dairies. The community faced losing a dependable form of income, and some families left to join communities where dairy farming was still viable.

Several months later, Roger heard from an Amish friend and fellow farmer that the community wanted to start milking again—all they needed was a hauler. Eager for another market for the feed he grows, but mostly because "there's just a good feeling I have that this is the right thing to do," he signed up. In 1999, he became a licensed milk hauler, and he's been hauling exclusively for the Amish ever since. Meanwhile, the number of Amish dairy farms in the region has more than doubled, and a cheese business has sprung up, providing even more opportunities for the community. On a Monday night last fall, we rode along with Chappelear to get a closer glimpse into his second job.

6:41 p.m. After putting in a full day's work on his own farm, Chappelear saddles up his 5,600 gallon ("500 cows' worth") tanker and begins his rounds. It's a grueling schedule, but with more than a decade's experience, Roger knows that milk waits for no man. "They're making it seven days a week—no letup, no days off—and it can't stay put," he says. "The good thing about it is it's steady; the bad news is it's steady."

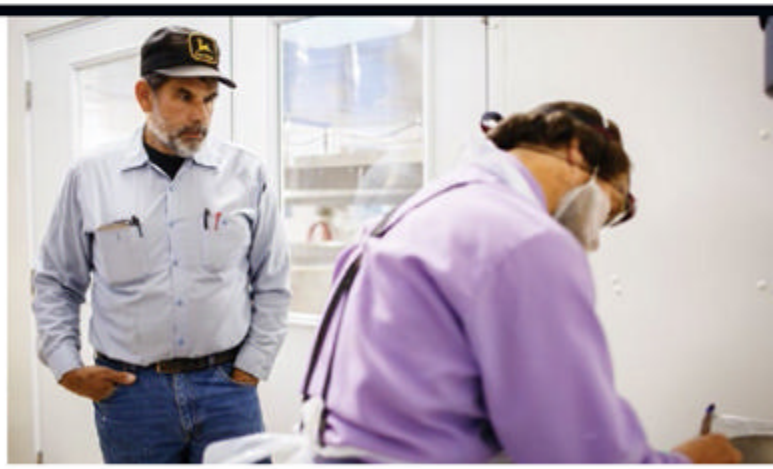


7:00 p.m. Before hitting the first farm, Chappelear makes a pit stop a few miles outside the Amish community. A young bearded man wearing suspenders and a broad-brimmed hat stands in line to buy ice, and he nods at Chappelear—he's a farmer at one of the 16 stops on Roger's route. Coffee may be the go-to for many working the graveyard shift, but Chappelear says he needs only a bottle of water to keep going.

8:20 p.m. The late-night hours have one perk: It's easier to drive a 16-ton truck around a bustling farm when everyone's sleeping. Challenges include a hefty fuel bill and health and sanitation concerns that make milk some of the most complicated cargo to carry. Chappelear also has to navigate Amish customs that require him to use battery-powered lanterns and schedule pickups to avoid toiling on the Sabbath.

10:00 p.m. The average tank holds around 600 gallons, and several are nearly full tonight. A metal agitator churns the chilly white sea to keep it from freezing. At the halfway point of our route, Chappelear dips a metal thermos into the milk and passes it around. It's ice-cold and better than any milk we've ever tasted.

6:43 a.m. After a few hours of sleep, we haul the night's load to Clover Hill Dairy. The place is the first of its kind in Maryland: a diesel-powered cheese-processing plant operated entirely by the Amish. The community partnered with an outside contractor to design and build a space that maintained their principles but also satisfied state law. It took five years of back-and-forth with officials, but in early 2014, the state approved the facility.



7:04 a.m. Not a drop can be transferred to the pasteurization tanks until a sample from the commingled milk is tested for antibiotics. If it tests positive, the entire batch must be discarded. The farmer responsible for the contaminated milk must pay for the entire load. It's tense, but the Amish men who perform the tests, Jacob Fisher and Israel Swarey, are at ease. After 10 minutes, Fisher gives the all clear, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

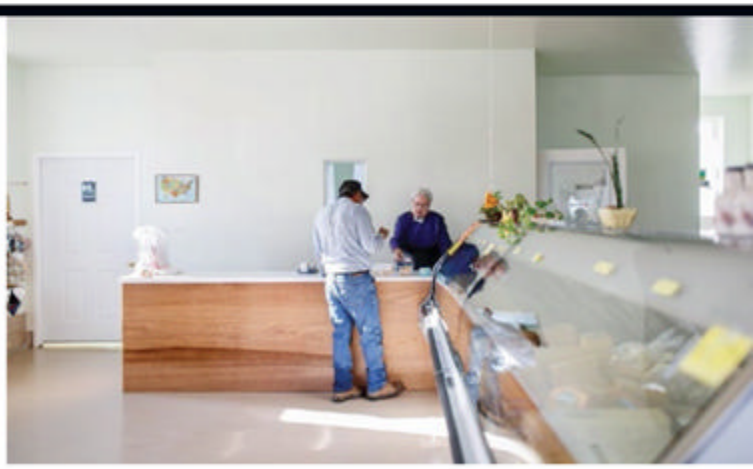
7:22 p.m. The Amish in St. Mary's have made a few high-tech concessions: enormous, stainless steel milk tanks. The state requires that bulk raw milk be kept at a steady temperature below 45°F. Although they don't allow electricity in their homes, farmers keep their milk tanks cold with diesel-powered coolers. "Of course, what they've modernized to is still 50 years behind the other guys," Chappelear says, "but baby steps, I guess."

7:26 p.m. Chappelear takes samples in 2-ounce tubes, which are kept on ice and later tested for antibiotics. The green tag has to accompany the samples. If it arrives broken or missing, the milk is deemed compromised and can't be processed. His haul would then be dumped in an empty field and Chappelear would foot the bill for all lost profits. With the average load valued close to $10,000, it's no wonder he hasn't once lost a tag.

12:23 a.m. At our final stop, Chappelear sprays down the truck's back compartment. It's just after midnight. If this had been a weekend pickup, we would have missed an important deadline."The Amish ask that I make all the pickups before midnight on Saturdays because they don't work on Sundays," he explains, smiling. "Why that means that I can't work, I still don't know." He kids about it, but in 15 years, he's never missed the deadline.

12:26 a.m. With the pickups completed, we visit the final farm's stable, where Chappelear shows us the true heroes of the dairy business: Holstein cows. "Milk is actually sold to dairies by the pound, not the gallon," Chappelear says. "And cows like these yield more pounds than any other breed in the business." How much exactly? During a standard lactation, a single Holstein cow can produce 75 pounds, almost 9 gallons, of milk per day.

7:25 a.m. Chappelear and Fisher sterilize the tanker, removing any residue that could contaminate the next batch. Clover Hill's storage tanks are full after just one truck. Size aside, the only difference between this and large facilities is energy. Conventional dairy processors draw power from the grid and water from city supplies, while the Amish cheese house relies on diesel-powered engines and a system of air pumps to siphon water from a ground well.



9:31 a.m. We follow Chappelear to see the final product. About half of the cheeses are sold at markets and auctions. The rest become an Amish version of queso fresco (a favorite with the local Hispanic population). Dairy accounts for nearly a third of the community's income. As a thank-you for his role in that, Chappelear gets a free cheese curd. "That almost makes it all worthwhile," he jokes. "To think I get to do the whole thing over again tomorrow night."

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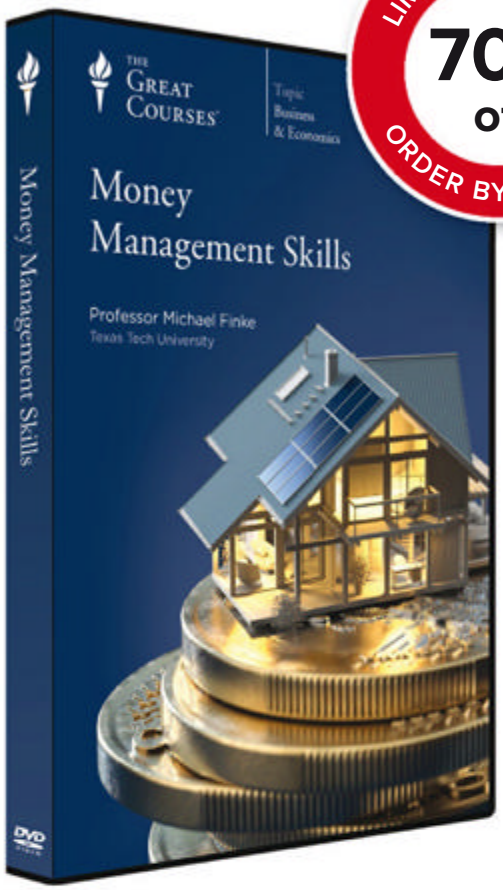

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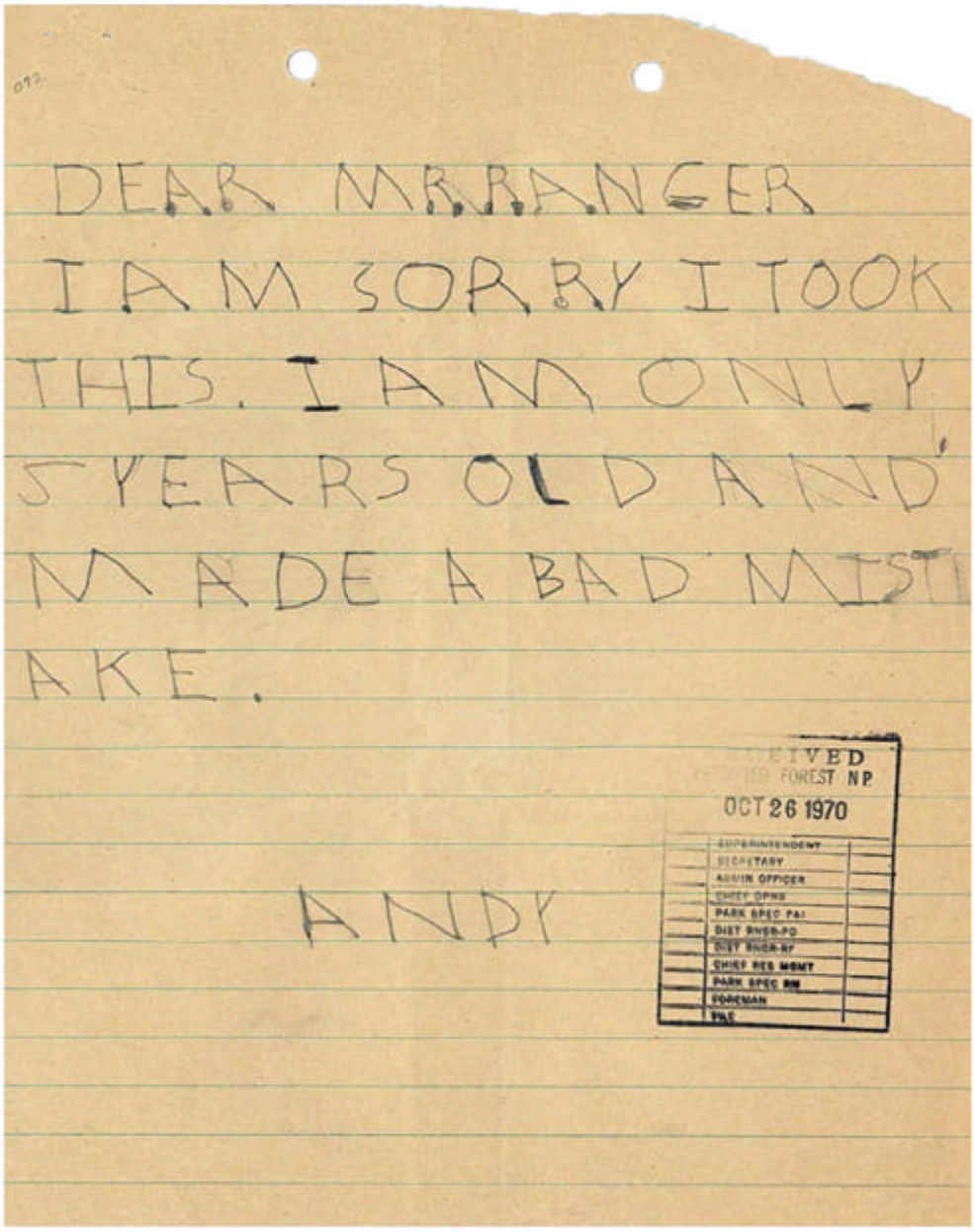

DEAR MR RANGER
I AM SORRY I TOOK
THIS. I AM ONLY
5 YEARS OLD AND
MADE A BAD MISTAKE.
ANDY

Stolen specimens of petrified wood are returned with heartfelt apology notes.

Rocky Remorse

The Petrified Forest National Park of northeast Arizona's Painted Desert was designated a national monument in 1906, in part to protect the 200-million-year old deposits of petrified wood that formed there during the late Triassic period. Only problem? Visitors can't seem to keep their hands off them—they frequently pocket bits of petrified wood (colloquially known as "rocks") as souvenirs. Later, many of them regret the

move. That's when the thieves mail the rocks, along with cathartic letters, back to the park. A new book, *Bad Luck, Hot Rocks*, compiles the confessions, from the heartrending to the hilarious. (The thefts are often seen to be the starting point for strings of bad luck.) Visual artist Ryan Thompson became interested in the phenomenon on a 2011 park visit. So he and coeditor Phil Orr mined the park's archives for the most interesting letters (there are more than 1,200 of them) and photographed the rocks in question. "There's something very powerful about people's desire to return the rock to the place it should be," Thompson says. "Some of the letters feel like Country-Western songs." Ironically, the park can't actually return the rocks to the land: It would undermine geologic research being done there. While the erstwhile souvenirs land in a pickup truck–size "conscience pile" in a secluded area of the park, at least the hearts of their returners are a little less heavy. —**Jen Doll**

Bad Luck, Hot Rocks (The Ice Plant), edited by Ryan Thompson and Phil Orr ($32.50)

SPEED READ

If you read just seven dubiously sourced tips to make life simpler (or at least more interesting) this month...

Life Hacks
by Keith Bradford
(AdamsMedia 15)

Want to play Pac-Man? Go straight into the game by typing "Google Pac-Man" into Google and clicking the "I'm feeling lucky" button.

If you go to a zoo, wear the same colors the employees do. The animals will come right up to you.

Eating 10–12 almonds is the equivalent of taking two aspirin for a migraine headache.

Mountain Dew was originally invented to be mixed with whiskey. Try it!

Making a blanket fort? Use a fitted sheet instead of a normal blanket for a sturdier roof.

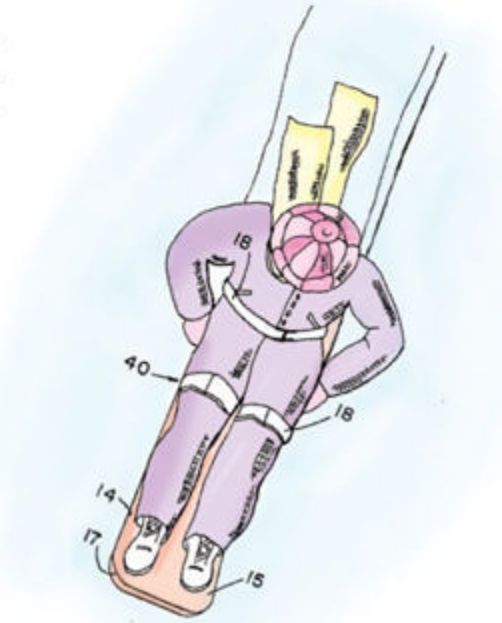
Want to cut a watermelon open without a knife? Take a quarter, make a small incision at the center of the watermelon, and karate chop it in half. No joke, it actually works!

Bees can't see you if you aren't moving.

Patently Absurd: SLED-FREE SLEDDING

Invention: Sled pants
Patent: US 5573256 A
Published: Nov 12, 1996

Little is more exhilarating than zipping down a snow-covered hill. And little is more humbling than trudging back to the top, toboggan in tow. That breathless, awkward, sweaty climb is the conundrum that Patent 5,573,256 seeks to solve. "Until now, a sled capable of being attached to the body of the user and worn before, during, and after a downhill sled run has not been invented," writes inventor Brent Farley. Fortunately for us, he fixed that. His liberating contraption allows you to simply strap sled chaps to your snow pants and enjoy ride after unencumbered ride.



Nerd Hero of the Month: BJÖRK

She's best known as an Icelandic pop singer who once wore a dress shaped like a swan, but the truth is, under all those feathers, Björk is a self-proclaimed nerd. In March, a career retrospective opens at the Museum of Modern Art in New York detailing her many collaborations with directors, photographers, and artists over the years. In anticipation, we reflected on a few of the reasons she's one of our favorites.

SHE KNOWS HOW TO STIMULATE HER SENSES. Björk sustained an injury as a kid while pursuing one of her favorite hobbies—sprinting with her eyes closed through an intersection, relying on her other senses to make it to the other side. One day, this questionable pastime resulted in her running headlong into a lamppost and left a scar on her right hand. But, hey, it could have been worse!

SHE LOVES SCIENCE. For her 2011 concept album *Biophilia*, a suite of smartphone apps guides listeners through songs about plate tectonics, dark matter, and genetics. "I was always a bit of a nerd," she told the *New Scientist*. The interactive album also acts as an educational video game that teaches lay people music theory. Growing up, Björk aspired to be a music teacher. She joked to the Reykjavik *Grapevine* that when her pop days are over, she'll move to a small island to teach kids the recorder. "That's still my retirement plan."

LIKE, REALLY LOVES SCIENCE. As a teenager, Björk loved math, physics, and science—so much so that she had a crush on Sir David Attenborough. "I have always been into geeks and nerds and professor type characters, people that could tell me about nature and the cosmos and the universe," she told the *Grapevine*. So naturally, it was Attenborough she chose to narrate *Biophilia*. Their interaction became the subject of an aptly titled documentary: *When Björk Met Attenborough*.

SHE'S THE CENTER OF ACADEMIC ATTENTION. Academic papers in sociology, musicology, and the sciences have been published on Björk. A short list: "Subjectivity and the Construction of Emotion in the Music of Björk," "The Nature/Technology Binary Opposition Dismantled in the Music of Madonna and Björk," and the mysterious "'Where is the Meter?': An Investigation of Rhythmic Process in Björk's Music."

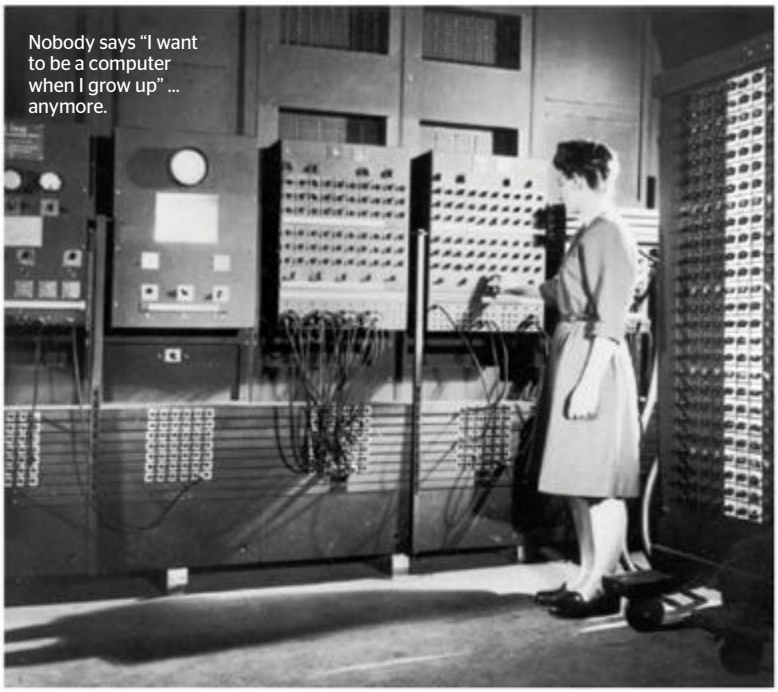
COURTESY OF MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (BIOPHILIA, POST ALBUM COVERS). ALAMY (BJÖRK). ISTOCK (ATTENBOROUGH)

THE SIMPLIFIER

ECONOMIC THEORIES Described by CRAFT SUPPLIES

THEORY	SUPPLY
Keynesian Economics	Glue sticks
When a project goes south, a little outside intervention can help patch things up.	
Rational Choice Theory	Thimble
A thimble feels clunky and can make work slow, but it's the best choice because it causes less pain.	
Tragedy of the Commons	Glitter
Use of glitter may help your own self-interests, but it's getting everywhere and ruining everything.	
Theory of Interstellar Trade[1]	Googly Eyes
Does moving goods at the speed of light affect interest rates? The results look silly but are awesome.	

[1] Paul Krugman penned the theory in 1978 as a joke.



Nobody says "I want to be a computer when I grow up" ... anymore.

Pop Culture Syllabus: MATH

TALLYING THE WAR

Long before the Internet, "computer" was a job title, not a machine. And when America entered World War II after the bombing of Pearl Harbor and sent men to fight on the front lines, the U.S. military began recruiting women who could become computers, calculating weapons trajectories and ballistics, among other things. This documentary focuses on a group of very smart ladies who did math and science in the service of their country.

WATCH *Top Secret Rosies: The Female Computers of WW11*, Netflix

MATH TEAM CANDY

We want to give a medal to whoever came up with the idea for a *Dragnet* parody that celebrates math. On this beloved segment of the '80s PBS math show *Square One*, goofy crime-fighters George Frankly and Kate Monday carried calculators in their holsters and lived the tongue-in-cheek motto "To Cogitate and to Solve" every day, heroically employing principles like alphanumerics, the Fibonacci sequence, the chromatic scale, and kinematics to catch criminals and keep the peace.

WATCH Mathnet, assorted episodes, YouTube

IT'S MORE THAN ELEMENTARY (SCHOOL)

In his recent book, Ian Stewart tempts readers with the fictional mathematical adventures of "Detective Soames and Dr. Watsup," confronting quandaries ranging from why tossing a coin isn't really fair (it's 51 percent likely to land the same way up as its starting orientation on your thumb) to the reason bubbles in a pint of Guinness flow downward (it's because of the shape of the glass).

READ *Professor Stewart's Casebook of Mathematical Mysteries*, by Ian Stewart (Basic Books)

HIGH ON PI

Hold on to your protractors: On March 14, people around the world celebrate the math symbol that represents the constant formed by the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, or approximately 3.14159. Though pi was discovered 4,000 years ago, it wasn't until Larry Shaw at San Francisco's Exploratorium Science Center decided to dedicate a day to it in 1988—by throwing and eating pies—that pi got to party. In 2009, the U.S. House of Representatives formally declared March 14 National Pi Day.

SEE On 3/14/15, at 9:26:53 a.m. and p.m., a rare sequential time will occur in which the date and time represent the first 10 digits of pi: 3.141592653.

ALAMY (KRUGMAN). CORBIS (KEYNES). LIBRARYUPENN.EDU (JENNINGS AND BILAS)

3 Important Talking Points About: *UMBRELLAS*

March is National Umbrella Month! For you daredevils out there, March 13 is Open an Umbrella Indoors Day.

1 APPEASE THIS!
In late 2014, umbrellas became a symbol of democracy as protesters in Hong Kong used parasols as shields from pepper spray. It's not the first time umbrellas were a political symbol. Before World War II, citizens criticized Neville Chamberlain's appeasement policies with a show of umbrellas. The symbol lasted into the 1950s, leading Vice President Richard Nixon to forbid assistants from carrying them—to the chagrin of an oft-soaked Eisenhower.

2 THE POISONED POINT
In 1978, an unknown KGB operative with ties to Bulgaria's secret police assassinated the satirical writer Georgi Markov—with an umbrella. Possibly the most Bond-like lethal weapon of the Cold War, the umbrella contained a canister of compressed air that fired a small pellet of the poison ricin. In 1989, a stock of "special umbrellas" were found in Bulgaria.

3 A BREATH OF FRESH AIR
The Air Umbrella, currently being developed by a Chinese tech team, shoots out a 7 mph gust of wind to fend off the rain. On the plus side, the wind can't turn it inside out. But as detractors point out, it also gives you umbrella hair, has a battery life of just 30 minutes, and looks like a broken lightsaber.

THE PAPER TRAIL

Our favorite reads right now

BRAIN CANDY ← → BRAIN KALE

Artists and Their Cats
by Alison Nastasi
(Chronicle Books, $17)

A lovely visual argument in favor of cats as man's best friend (or muse), this collection features dozens of artists—from Brian Eno to Grandma Moses—palling around with their feline friends.

The Mystery Writers of America Cookbook
edited by Kate White
(Quirk Books, $25)

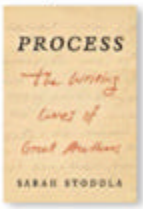
Nothing works up an appetite like crime-solving (just ask Nancy Drew), which is why a collection of recipes from mystery writers, including Gillian Flynn, Brad Meltzer, and Mary Higgins Clark, is bound to be riveting.

More Than Words: Illustrated Letters From the Smithsonian's Archive of American Art
by Liza Kirwin
(Princeton Architectural Press, $25)

One thing snail mail has over electronic messages? Doodles. For proof, see sketches by Duchamp, Warhol, and Frida Kahlo in these gorgeously detailed correspondences.

That's Not English
by Erin Moore
(Gotham, $26)

Moore's linguistic deep-dive into the differences between Brit- and American-speak explores the nature of language, revealing intriguing idiosyncrasies like the English word for the state of *not* being in uniform: *mufti*.



Process: The Writing Lives of Great Authors
by Sarah Stodola
(Amazon Publishing, $15)

Feast on writerly habits, including Toni Morrison's penchant for No. 2 pencils, Junot Diaz's stand-up writing style, and Joan Didion's self-reward: one drink each night after work.

ALAMY (UMBRELLAS)

BY LUCAS ADAMS

NAME: _____ AGE: _____

2ND-GRADE CRUSH: _____

Start Here

1 Besides the *Simpsons*, which other Fox sitcom did voice actors Hank Azaria and Yeardley Smith star in?

- A) *Herman's Head*
- B) *Malcolm in the Middle*
- C) *The Ben Stiller Show*
- D) *Andy Richter Controls the Universe*

2) When growing up in Brooklyn, Al Capone worked all but which job?

- A) Bowling alley pinboy
- B) Candy shop clerk
- C) Dodgers bat boy
- D) Book binder

3) What is the Judson Welliver Society?

- A) A group of D.C.-based ventriloquists
- B) A club of defeated Senators
- C) The White House Press Bowling League
- D) A club for former presidential speechwriters

4) What did former priest August Musger patent in 1904?

- A) The Tilt-a-Whirl
- B) A new religion
- C) Holograms
- D) Slow motion

5 Which fruit did Japanese soldiers turn into bombs during World War II?

- A) Coconuts

- B) Horned melons

- C) Pineapples

- D) Durian

6) What was the name of the first television remote?

- A) The X-tendo finger
- B) Lazy Bones
- C) Magic Reach
- D) Doctor TV

7) What caused three Qing-era vases to break at a U.K. museum in 2006?

- A) A visitor tripped on his shoelace
- B) A party clown tried to juggle them
- C) An intern kicked them
- D) A teen lost control of his bouncy ball

8) Which of these is not a real cookbook?

- A) *The Easy-Bake Oven Gourmet*
- B) *Cooking in the Nude*
- C) *Baking With LL Cool J*
- D) *Mini-Mart a la Carte*

9) Which American labor figure had a radio call sign named after him?

- A) Harry Bridges
- B) Eugene V. Debs
- C) Rosie the Riveter
- D) Jimmy Hoffa

10) Which was not 17th-century slang for sex?

- A) "Fadoodling"
- B) "Playing rumpscuttle and clapperdepouch"
- C) "Play at couch quail"
- D) "Joining giblets"

11) What was the name of Hitler's dog?

- A) Blondi
- B) Barbie
- C) Baby
- D) Bagel

12) What's a sandhog?

- A) A New York City underground worker
- B) A lifeguard dog
- C) A pig trained to dig for clams
- D) A sand sculptor

13) Levi Spear Parmly, the earliest advocate of flossing, said we should floss with what?

- A) Corn silk
- B) Real silk
- C) Tiny nails
- D) Nail clippings

14) In the 1830s, Brigham Young denounced trousers with front buttons and a fly as what?

- A) "Fornication pants"
- B) "The devil's drawers"
- C) "Bigamy breeches"
- D) "Satanical slacks"

15) Which country is home to the world's oldest bank?

- A) Canada
- B) England
- C) Italy
- D) China

ANSWERS

1. A
2. C
3. D
4. D (He lost the patent in 1914 after failing to pay the fees.)
5. A
6. B (It was connected to the TV by a wire.)
7. A
8. C (Although this hasn't stopped him from making multiple appearances on the *Martha Stewart Show.*)
9. B (The Socialist Party of America started WEVD as a talk radio station in the 1920s.)
10. C (That one appeared in 1521.)
11. A (A German shepherd.)
12. A
13. B
14. A
15. C (Banca Monte dei Paschi di Siena was founded in 1472.)

Hey, overachiever! If you scored an Also Pretty Good on this quiz, enter the coupon code **HONORSYSTEM** at store.mentalfloss.com and save an extra 15% on your order.
Excludes clearance, package deals, and subscriptions.

Your Score!

- **0–4** Pretty Good
- **5–7** The Best
- **8–9** The Worst
- **10–15** Also Pretty Good

ALAMY (SIMPSONS); ISTOCK (COCONUTS, HORNED MELONS, PINEAPPLES, DURIAN)

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Skilled bookkeepers are needed in every business.

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Computer Essentials..... up to $34,000
PC skills are essential, especially in today's job market.

Pharmacy Technician..... up to $35,000
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Dental Assistant..... up to $40,000
Work with dentists & hygienists to improve patients' health!

Medical Transcription ..... up to $40,000
The ideal work at home career. Transcribe medical reports from doctors' dictation.

Patient Care Technician..... $14-$17/hour
Work alongside nurses to ensure patients' comfort & safety.

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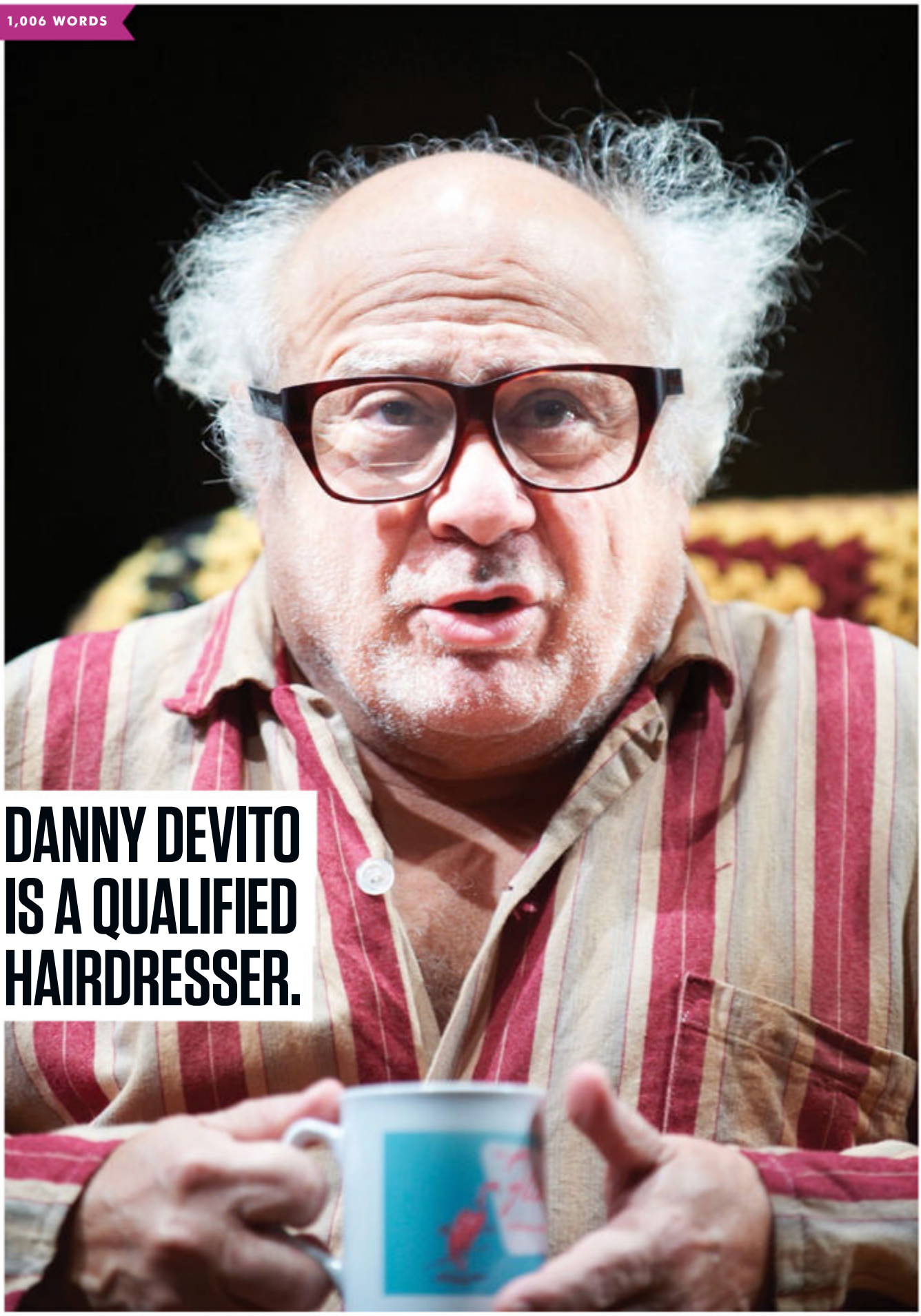

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